



A JOURNAL OF PRACTICAL REFORM, DEVOTED TO THE ELEVATION OF HUMANITY IN THIS LIFE, AND A SEARCH FOR THE EVIDENCES OF LIFE BEYOND.

VOL. I.

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GEMS OF THOUGHT.

Experience is the extract of suffering.—*Arthur Helps.*

There can be no high civility without a deep morality.—*Emerson.*

Life is a pure flame and we live by an invisible sun.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

The advancement of knowledge is the triumph of truth, and as such is the eventual interest of mankind.—*W. C. Præd.*

A snob is that man or woman who is always pretending to be something better—especially richer or more fashionable—than they are.—*Thackeray.*

The best of a book is not the thought which it contains, but the thought it suggests, just as the charm of music dwells not in the tones, but in the echoes of our hearts.—*Holmes.*

No man ever sailed over exactly the same route that another sailed over before him. Every man who starts on the ocean of life arches his sails to an untried breeze.—*William Matthews.*

Deep feeling is contagious. Words poured forth from burning hearts are sure to kindle the hearts of others. Hearts that can stand everything else are often melted by a tear.—*Selected.*

God let the ladder down to Jacob, and he has never drawn it back. Angels and mortals descend and ascend every hour. Heaven is within your reach if you could only realize it.—*P. T. Holland.*

Our great thoughts, our great affections, the truths of our life, never leave us. Surely, they cannot separate from our consciousness; shall follow it whithersoever that shall go, and are of their nature divine and immortal.—*Thackeray.*

The most truly religious thing a man can do is to fight his way through habits and deficiencies, and back to pure, man-like elements of his nature, which are the ineffaceable traces of the divine workmanship, and alone really worth fighting for.—*Weiss.*

The day that passes without giving birth to some elevating and ennobling thought, some kindly spoken word or generous deed, to the sad, sick, needy and sorrowing of earth, leaves a page in the volume of life untinged with beauty and unadorned by worth.—*Dr. C. C. Peet.*

No man liveth to himself, and no man dieth to himself; and it is only when we remember this, and how far-reaching is the influence of every human action, good or bad, that we become aware of the immensity and sacredness of our social obligations.—*John W. Chadwick.*

Let us cease complaining, and consider a while the dignity and majesty, and sublimity of our human nature. Let us draw comfort, as in a bucket from the well of tears, the unspeakable sadness of our common lot, what e'er of sweetness and of beauty it can call its own.—*Thompson.*

Beneath all this gloss of the world—this conventional aspect, which all, more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock—distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties.—*Robert Chambers.*

HOW DOES SPIRITUALISM PROPOSE TO DEAL WITH CRIMINALS.

[A Discourse Delivered Through the Organism of Mrs. Corn L. V. Richmond, before the First Society of Spiritualists at Martine Hall, Chicago. Reported by Charles Y. Richmond for the Spiritual Offering. Never before published.]

The first question is, who are criminals? And if we answer by saying anyone who performs an outrage upon humanity, shall kings, rulers, armies and legislators escape? Every revolution in history, has been produced or caused by some usurpation of power; some tyranny established in the name of law and liberty, over the rights of men by the powers of government.

Your forefathers were criminals; they rebelled against the authority of their government and their king; and were the most ignominious of all criminals, traitors to their country. According to the standard of established authority, those who attempt to overthrow any form of oppression, by recourse to resistance, are, if conquered, treated as criminals; if successful, treated as an independent power. In civilized communities, individual robbery is a crime, if it be a small robbery. The individual taking of life is an offense, unless it be in self-defense; and the fine points of law are called into question even to determine the grades and degrees of crime in murder. Nations may wage war upon helpless nations, entirely without warning and protection, and under the name and authority of civilization, may slay innocent people and it is not called crime.

Piracy or robbery upon the highways; that which was once the honorable occupation of gentlemen is now ostracized and censured by every nation beneath the sun. Marauding and robbery was once the occupation of the rulers of the land. And he who could oppose his cattle, his landed estates, his fortress, his high wall and tower, and go forth with an armed number of men, as many as he could command, and capture his neighbor's horses, and cattle, and fortress, and tower, was considered to be the greatest man. It has changed now in some degree, but were you to visit Wall Street or the exchanges in the cities, would it seem so very different? save that the weapons of warfare have changed; and he who comes out victorious is the greatest man. And he who fails may perhaps receive a word of pity; but after all the man who conquers in the struggle of daily life is the hero, now, as then.

It is true that civilization claims to protect individual lives from the marauding bands of to-day; but we do not know whether it gives them any greater protection when we view the whole situation of man's moral nature. The young hurled into the activities of life fresh from the Christian teachings of home, are made to feel the stern and bitter realities of unrelenting and oppressive greed. The young are told that they must love their neighbors; must return good for evil; must be good to one another, and from this tender culture and discipline are sent forth into the world to combat those whose only motto is success, whose highest standard is the standard of victory.

The criminal classes are fostered and festered in the highest cities and citadels of civilization. London boasts of greater civilization because of greater wealth than almost any other city in the world; and yet her criminal classes are the most troublesome. Extreme vigilance and the utmost and absolute authority is required to keep them in subjection; and in times of turbulence and public disaffection these classes rise and overthrow authority. You have different classes in each of your crowded cities, representing the extremes of civilization. Now are these sources nursed, nourished and fostered by your system of civilization? Is crime the natural outgrowth of that which is upon the surface of civilization? And if it is, is not the remedy at your own doors? The equivocation which you teach your son to practice in business becomes the open lie in the next class beneath him; becomes the perjury and forgery, the written or spoken falsehood that leads to the penitentiary. The slight advantage you take of your neighbor—naturally the free interpretation of what a Christian conscience ought to be—becomes in the next grade,

as you call it, beneath you, the defalcation; in the next it becomes the thief; and the prison awaits for him who is detected in either of these. But there is no prison for you, save in your own conscience, which is sufficient but not speedy justice. The advantage that you take of your neighbor, does not bear the name of highway robbery, that is not permitted in civilized communities, but bears the gentle epithet of lawful competition and individual thrift; and the self-made man is the boasted flowering out of the civilization of a republic. And that self-made man if he can count his millions is oftener respected than ideas that are worthy of the highest emulation.

We state these things plainly; we know that they occur every day, and would bring them to your consciousness very distinctly. That your "daily press," teeming with accounts of intelligent men who commit these crimes and faults in the community, would make you believe that the criminal class is not confined to the slums of the city. It is a fact that in the world to-day, there is more violent crime among the educated, those who have had sufficient advantages to place them in positions of power, than is found among the so-called degraded; and if you take out the one element of intoxicating beverages, the majority of the crimes of the world are committed by clear-headed, intelligent people. What does this mean? It means that the criminal class is not a class, but that every human being bears in his or her nature at the present time, some portion of that virus and poison which in its extremest expression, is found in the lowermost strata of life. It teaches that the fountain sources from whence nations and society draw their strength are not wholly pure; that when the streams of daily life come pouring in they are found to be turbid and dark—filled with all that humanity detests—and not with the highest expression of human life. When murder is committed, you are shocked; but that momentary word of anger, that hatred which prevents you from reconciliation with your brother perhaps for years; those moral feuds and quarrels that prevent you from speaking to one another; these are the sources of murder. In civilized communities you do not kill your brother to whom you will not speak, because you do not dare to. But Christ said, "he who is angry with his brother, hath committed murder in his heart." If the sun goes down upon your anger, the angel at midnight records that murder in your lives. The hasty words spoken to your child may drive him forth to battle with the great warlike elements of the world, and there may come to you the sudden blow or shock your son has shot himself in a quarrel. How do you know but what you have sown seeds of that crime in the angry word that shut him from your presence? How do you know how far you are responsible for that deed, whose impulse might have been fostered and strengthened, by your own unkindness, and uncharitableness?

Yes, it is very well to have prisons and jails, for those not being able to resist, and not having respect for society, nor fear of the law, who have disobeyed it, under the strong impulses of passionate natures. But the great secret of moral forces of social life, must somewhere be responsible for the existence of crime.

You deal with criminals, as though they were made of different clay; as though God had stamped them from the first, with the brand of Cain; as though a portion of that brand, also, were not upon every human brow; as though the trail of the serpent was not in every human mind. You draw a line, and profess to be able to judge, between the good man and the bad man, when if the masks were thrown aside and the thoughts of one placed in contradistinction to the thoughts of the other, the criminal's soul might be white in comparison. But you say, society is bound to stamp out the lawless crime of murder; but why not the legal crime as well, and that which is done under the name of law? Why not anything that is an outrage upon the name of justice, honesty, and love? You say, that society must trample under dishonesty; then the duty of each member of society is to trample under that dishonesty within him or herself. If you find yourself strong enough to do this, then offer yourself as judge or juror, to sit in

judgment upon your fellowmen; but if you have been angry at your clerk or subordinate during the day, do not consider yourself competent to sit upon a jury, to judge the life of a man who in anger has committed murder. Do you not see that the whole question of that which is termed criminal class, rests upon the fictitious standards of human judgment and justice, upon the artificial and superficial claims of society and upon that which, if it were true in the world, would certainly overcome the evil that is here, the claim that this is Christian civilization? Is it true, and we accept it as gospel, that the present generation of time, and the present period of human history, is the highest in its average moral perfection, than any which the world has known. But it is not true, that you have a perfect system of government, and a perfect system of society. It is not true, that your politicians are honest; that your affairs of state are all conducted with reference to justice, and the welfare of the people; or that your standards of business and commerce are those which you would like to have measured in the balance with the Golden Rule. And it is not true, that your individual lives would bear the searching test, of what is claimed upon the surface of Christian society. Therefore until it is true, you have to begin with the only source which you can directly govern and influence, that is your own lives; and if called upon by your duties as citizens, to deal with those people, who under the law, are termed "the criminal classes," then if you believe that every man detected of willful murder should perish, you should see to it that he does perish; but if you do not believe it, and if the system of your moral government or your theory is, that the criminal is not to be overcome by violence, that one evil does not overcome another, that justice, so called, is to be meted out in another way, then you should see to it that it is; that you use every energy of your being for that purpose. Mostly the religious institutions of the land expend their forces upon those people who do not need them, or at least according to their standards do not need them, though we fully believe that the millionaire needs them more than the denizens of Five Points, but if he believes that he does not need them, then why does he not make it possible for that religious instruction to be possessed by every member of the community? You believe that your laws are the highest and best for man's government and restraint; then should it not be made a portion of that law, that every adult should have a knowledge of what the law is, and all the restraining influences that that knowledge can bring? But if you believe as we do, as we can distinctly prove, that all moral delinquency is a form of disease, then you would have hospitals and physicians and restraining influences to prevent these men and women from further commission of crime, and to treat the malady but not kill the patient. You would not respect the counsels of the hospital physicians, who would recommend the killing of every patient brought to infirmaries, especially if proven to have the infirmity for which they were brought. Physical defects you pity; moral defects you condemn. Physical blindness you endeavor to assuage by various devices, until schools for the blind are models of human invention and philanthropy. Deafness is treated in such a manner that the deaf can hear, and the dumb can interchange ideas one with the other by preconcerted signals of language; and even those who are termed imbecile and idiotic are treated to the divine charity of the consciousness and perception that their malady is a physical disease. And it was shown by the late Dr. Howe, of Boston, that there was great intelligence even in those that are usually called idiots, and certainly we know it is so, in the generality of mankind. If this be true of all the infirmities of man physically, why is it not true of moral infirmities? And why does man cease the moment you cross the line, and declare him who tells a falsehood—especially if he puts that falsehood into practice—a criminal and him who steals and him who commits murder a criminal, while the insane, the imbecile, the blind, the deaf, and the lame are treated as unfortunates? And

if there is any meaning to your great moral schemes at all, if the enlightenment, such as Christ brought to the world means anything, if the power of your religion is intended to reach any class of human beings, it must be this very class that you are so anxious to divest yourself of the responsibility concerning. Spiritualism declares that every form of crime is spiritual infirmity, and that the only adequate treatment of crime is there; that there shall be moral and spiritual asylums, and moral and spiritual physicians capable of dealing with these maladies. Those who teach the doctrines of Christianity should principally be the spiritual physicians of the people, and the more difficult the case, the more unaccountable the crime, the more perplexing the labyrinth, so should the religion, the inspiration, the power and the potency of this word and work be brought to bear upon it. We shall be glad, and are glad, for all that work done in the slums of cities; to which Christian civilization owes more of its present prosperity and freedom from crime, than any other class of work accomplished. Like the work performed in Five Points, New York; like the schools established in the poorest portions of cities, like the prayer-meetings that give an incentive to a higher and nobler life by the sincere nature of those who labor there. Still when the criminal walks forth with the resolve to lead a new life from one of these all-healing, all-potent meetings, it is discouraging for him to find that under another name those who rob the most people are considered the most respectable citizens.

We do not wonder that the progress is not greater, in view of the palaces that line Fifth Avenue, and the avenues of your crowded cities, while it is known that perhaps widows, orphans and poor men are sorrowing in poverty and in starvation, as the result of that system which permits the rich man to rob the poor. We offer then a moral panacea, beginning at the fountain head that that which is mistaken for individual enterprise, and the prosperity of individuals and nations shall not be allowed to extend to robbery; that that which is termed affluence and wealth, and the pride of cities, shall not be builded up at the expense of the laborer and the poor man; that above all you shall not condone in the rich that which you condemn in the poor; in him who has wealth, and can buy his way through courts of justice, while you condemn to death the man whom all men despise, and that in the name of humanity and that of Spiritualism, recognize every child of earth as equally valuable in God's sight. And we would establish that kind of moral law and moral recognition that would make you each accountable every day to these moral lessons and convictions which you so often violate, and that you cannot be excused for. With the utmost charity we would call upon all to exercise their severity towards themselves, their charity towards others. We believe there is no way to rid the world of these accumulated evils, that seem to be the outgrowth of every civilization than to begin at the fountain head, to show the real cause, and to make man's spiritual nature the standard for human action and human endeavor.

The broad fields that are waiting for the hands of the tiller; the verdant valleys that are longing for homes to be established there; the mountain slopes, that blooming send up their incense offerings unto heaven, waiting to bow unto altars of peace and loveliness; the dispersion of crowded cities as places of human habitation; the pure air from the sky above you; the flowers and the birds, that invite to all praise and worship; these we could recommend as moral sanitary measures. Disperse your hot-beds of fashion, and the hot-beds of crime will speedily follow. Disperse your crowds and retinues, and your revolutions will be scarce. Disperse your monarchies and your aristocracies, and your paupers will proportionately diminish. Disperse the authority that claims the right over the lives of other men, and your murders will proportionately decrease in number. All that is in society to-day in the reaction of the dark sources of human life, and human endeavor, having been consigned to all except in the individual lives of those who retired from political struggles, those who in

(Continued on 8th page.)

HOW I BECAME A SPIRITUALIST.

Late in the year 1849 I took passage on the little brig *Sagin*, commanded by Capt. Z. C. Morton, sailing from San Francisco and bound for Portland, Oregon. We made a very agreeable passage to the mouth of the Columbia river, being only four days out. We could have entered the channel leading to Baker's Bay (the only entrance known then, as it was before the south channel was discovered) had not a dense fog set in which entirely obscured the shore, so that we dared not attempt to make the entrance; and we again stood out to sea, thinking to beat about till morning, but there came on a fearful storm that blew us as far north as the Straits of Fuca. It was indeed a fearful storm. Were you ever in a storm at sea? If you never have been there, you are hardly fit to appreciate life, for you do not comprehend how poor, weak and helpless a creature man is. The waves rolled fearfully high; the wind blew such a gale that no man could remain on deck; the wheel was chained close round and only the storm-sail showed a few feet of sail. Thus fixed the vessel was abandoned to the mercy of wind and wave. We were frequently engulfed in the trough of the sea, and would be buried I don't know how many feet under water at times. It would seem we never would rise. Then the good brig would struggle with the waves and lift herself out of the water, like a thing of life.

After the storm had so far abated that we could again man the wheel, the Captain concluded to put into the Straits of Fuca; but on nearing the entrance we found we were too far south, and we were in the current which forms a sort of bay at this point with a bold, perpendicular, rocky shore, against which the mad waves dashed hundreds of feet high. The wind blew direct to land, and which ever way we tacked ship we were still sailing straight for the shore. To all appearance certain death was awaiting us; even the sailors gave up in despair and became so demoralized that they could scarcely be prevailed upon to boat ship. The old Captain would pour down a full glass of French brandy every few minutes, and yet it seemed to have no effect upon him. The sun went down, leaving us apparently to darkness and death. In this condition, strange as it may appear, I threw myself into my berth and was soon sound asleep (for we had been for several days and nights in such a terrific storm that little or no sleep could be had). When I awoke in the morning the bright sun was shining, and we were out of sight of land. The gulf current which runs strong to the south at this place carried us out past the southern point of the crescent. Safely out to sea, we again sailed for the mouth of the Columbia River. Arriving off the mouth of the river, we attempted to make the entrance but found that we were too far north. After making some calculations, the captain concluded to stand off for one hour, when he thought he could make the channel. On again approaching the shore the fog had again come on, shutting out all sight of land. The captain thought we must be near the channel. All were anxious to get into port and urged the captain to make the attempt, hazardous as it was. He did so, and we soon found ourselves among the breakers. (Were you ever among the breakers on a stormy coast? Then you cannot realize how perilous and exciting it is.) Three times our vessel struck the ground; three times she lay on the beams' end; three times her rudder was high in air. At every dash of the waves they would comb completely over us. Every wave was filled with sand, completely covering our deck with it. It was a struggle between life and death. We knew not how soon our craft would go to pieces; but as fortune would have it, we were soon in deep water and in safety. A few moments later we cast anchor in Baker's Bay, thanking God that it was so.

During all this time there was one man on board this vessel who never lost his self-possession—never appeared the least excited. Whether in the storm at sea, on the sea shore, or among the breakers, he was always the same—always pleasant, calm and serene—always had a good and encouraging word for his men and words of hope and comfort for the passengers. He was the first mate of the brig, was a native of Sweden. As we were safely in harbor, and he was at leisure, I ventured to ask him how it was that amid so much danger and confusion he could always be so calm and self-possessed. He told me that he was a Spiritualist—that he could see and talk with the spirits—that they assured him that all would be well. "And if," said he, "we had all been drowned or wrecked, it would have been but a short time before we would be as much alive, as much ourselves as ever; there was no such a thing as death; it was only a change, and always for the better." I asked him when and where he had been taught such a doctrine, for I would like to learn of it. He went to his cabin and soon returned with Andrew Jackson Davis' Great Harmonia. He said from it he first learned those grand truths, and with its directions had learned to converse with the angel world. I persuaded him to sell me the volume, which he did at what it cost him. That winter I read the book through several times, and can truly say I

have been a Spiritualist ever since, investigating cautiously the great phenomenon, until I too have been able to see and converse with the heavenly messengers, and to-day are in possession of that knowledge which passeth understanding. C. A. REED.

PORTLAND, Oct. 26, 1885.

[Written for the Golden Gate.]

SPIRIT APPARITIONS.

In 1760 Dr. Samuel Johnson wrote that beautiful story of "Rasselas, Prince of Abyssinia." He was then struggling with poverty, as his literary work had not brought him the fortune and fame that he afterwards achieved. His biographers say that he wrote this instructive story in a single week, and sold it to a bookseller to get money to defray the expenses of his mother's funeral.

This is an instance of the advantages of poverty, if to its spur the world is indebted for one of the most pleasing and instructive stories ever written. After the progress of one hundred and twenty-five years it is as fresh and sparkling with gems of rhetoric, philosophy and wit, as when it was first published. In it he puts the following passage into the mouth of Im-laski, the sage and philosopher:

"That the dead are seen no more I will not undertake to maintain, against the concurrent and unvaried testimony of all ages and of all nations. There is no people, rude or learned, among whom apparitions of the dead are not related and believed. This opinion, which, perhaps, prevails as far as human nature is diffused, could become universal only by its truth; those that never heard of one another would not have agreed in a tale which nothing but experience can make credible. That it is doubted by single cavaliers can very little weaken the general evidence; and some who deny it with their tongues confess it with their fears."

Again, in discussing the merit of monastic life, he says: "In the state of future perfection, to which we all aspire, there will be pleasure without danger, and scrutiny without restraint."

In a previous part of the story he had said that the present is all that we are sure of, as the mode of existence in a future life is inscrutable; yet, like all ideal people, he had certain conceptions, which would express themselves, as it were, unbidden.

I know that Dr. Johnson is charged with being superstitious, but so far as this passage is concerned, the lapse of a century and a quarter does not sustain the charge. Superstition is a term not clearly defined, and there have been superstitions in the domain of science as well as of theology. Medical practice has had its superstitions, which have changed from age to age.

The facts of modern Spiritualism have shown that the good doctor was correct. We have now learned to supply artificially the conditions requisite to produce at will those apparitions, which, in all ages, have occurred when conditions enabled the invisibles to appear.

Electricity had always played about the clouds and the earth, but we had not learned to control and utilize it until Franklin caught it on his kite, and Morse sent it over the wires with intelligent messages.

So apparitions appeared as natural conditions enabled unquiet spirits to manifest themselves. But modern Spiritualism enables all honest investigators who seek in the right spirit, to hold communion with the loved ones who have passed on before them.

JOHN ALLYN.

Hints to Novices in Mediumship.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

The two numbers that you sent me of your excellent paper are before me. I have read and re-read them; and I can see at a glance that it is true to name, and is the real Golden Gate through which many will enter and realize that there is a life beyond, and that its borders are within our reach.

I will try to get subscribers, but this is not a good territory to work in. There are but few Spiritualists here. I think a good lecturer, especially if a test medium, would do a good work here; and I wish lecturers to bear it in mind.

I wish to call the attention of the readers to a method of communication that I think a good one for those who have undeveloped medial gifts—the method of holding a forked switch in the hand, palms upward, so that the switch is in the position of a letter A. Then ask questions that can be answered by yes or no. When a switch thus is held in the hands of a mediumistic person it will readily turn down in answer to questions. It will turn in a few minutes if at all, and I have seen it turn with such force as to make a grating noise in the hands.

My father used to find veins of water for people to dig wells, find lost and stolen things, and get answers to questions; but he never dreamed that the switch was moved by spirits. I am satisfied that spirits do it; hence, I think it a good method for novices to get communications, and those who try it will please report success.

N. A. P.

Phoenix, A. T., Oct. 20, '85.

LAST DAYS OF MRS. HUNT JACKSON.

[Flora Haynes Apponyi, in Overland.]

Her illness was a painless one, a gradual prostration of all the vital energies, under the influence of a powerful and irresistible disease. Throughout the long and trying ordeal neither her patience nor her courage ever failed. Whenever the conversation turned upon her ailment, with its mysterious symptoms and steady disorganization of the system, baffling the physician's skill and thwarting the well-meant efforts of her friends, she was always first to turn the subject, saying with a reassuring little smile, token of the brave spirit's triumph over the failing body: "Now let us talk of something more pleasant!" And she would so completely ignore her weak bodily condition, and enter into conversation with such spirit and zest, that one forgot that she was an invalid, and was conscious only of the clear, analytical mind, with its flashes of humor, and of the great, generous heart. Each effort her friends put forth to serve her met with the most tender appreciation, even though it proved of no avail.

Toward the last she often spoke of the approaching change, and always with the utmost confidence and cheer. Death had no terror for her bright spirit.

"It is only just passing from one country to another!" she sometimes said; and once she smilingly reproached me because I tried to disprove her conviction that certain indications pointed to a sure release within a certain definite space of time.

"I had decided that it would last just so many days longer, but you have upset all my calculations!" she said pleasantly. "It is very unkind of you. Now, I shall have to go back and figure it all over again."

The "Good-bye, Good-bye, Good-bye!" always thrice repeated, which rang out after me every time I left her this summer, told its own story. There was no time after the first of June when she did not feel a secret conviction that the end might come at any time, and that each parting might be the last. The words sounded again, more feebly, but with the same sweet message of affectionate regard and cheer on Saturday, the 8th of August, when we knew the end was at hand. That night, after saying farewell to all about her, placing her hand in her husband's, she passed into a painless slumber, and four days later, on the 12th of August, as the day waned here upon earth, the bright day of immortality dawned for her.

Her last conscious acts were tender deeds of helpfulness for others; her last thoughts, of self-forgetful sympathy for those she left. One little incident will serve to illustrate this beautiful and tender phase of character.

Among the numerous pathetic instances of misfortune continually brought to light in our city, the beginning of the summer revealed the needs of a young woman of humble station, but with singular nobility and purity of character, who was not only in extreme destitution, abandoned by her husband but had before her the sore trial of maternity. The case chanced to come to Mrs. Jackson's notice, and her ready sympathies were at once enlisted. Unsolicited, she made a substantial contribution towards relieving the wants of the young mother, and followed her fortunes during the succeeding weeks with the liveliest interest and solicitude. A beautiful little girl was born to the poor woman, and in her love and gratitude to the invalid, the mother bestowed upon the child the name of her benefactress. The circumstances never came to Mrs. Jackson's knowledge. She grew so feeble that those about her tried to confine the conversation to light and pleasant topics; but she never forgot. I rarely saw her when she did not ask:

"Well, how is our poor woman now?" and her face would light up when I gave her cheerful news, always endeavoring to keep her from thinking, as far as possible, of the perplexities which loomed up in the future. The thought of the baby, the helpless little creature who had come into the world so inauspiciously handicapped by her sex, seemed at times to absorb the mind of the dying woman; and on more than one occasion she said to me, with a troubled look:

"I cannot understand it; and oh! I wonder, I wonder what her life will be. How can we tell, Mrs. Apponyi, that it might not have been better if the little thing had never seen the light? I hope, I do hope, that her life may be a blessing."

And now I come to a little incident which I hesitate to relate, for it deals with that shadowy borderland between this life and eternity which many seek to penetrate, but whose mysteries none have solved.

One of Mrs. Jackson's last acts was to designate various articles of wearing apparel to be sent to her needy protégé. No one in San Francisco mourned her loss more sincerely than this poor woman, who had never seen her face. When she learned, several days later, of the thoughtful provision made for her by the dying, she was touched and pained beyond expression. Crossing the room to where the little girl was lying upon the bed, she lay down beside her, calling her by the name which had become invested with sacred associations, saying:

"My poor little daughter! and that dear lady will never know that you bear her name. If she could only have known how

grateful I felt! Why didn't I take you to the house and let them carry you to her? I am sure that the sight of your sweet face would have done her heart good, and made her feel that her kindness had not been lost. Now she is dead, and can never know."

The little woman, who is honest and conscientious as well as true-hearted, and who is quite willing to attribute the whole experience to some unconscious day-dream, tells me that at that moment she felt the warm, firm pressure of another hand upon her own, and looking up saw a bright, womanly face bent over her and her child, which seemed to say, with a cheery, reassuring smile:

"See! I am not dead; I am here!" and then the vision faded from her sight, and she was alone again with her child. She had never seen Mrs. Jackson, or heard any one describe her, but her description of face, manner, and intonation formed a perfect portrait. The story is given without comment, for nothing in my own experience has ever led me to place faith in supernatural visitations; but if spirits are gifted with free volition, or could hover for a time, over the arena of life's action, I like to think that one of her first desires would have been to look upon the face of the innocent child, before whom stretches an unknown future, and the preservation of whose life, for good or ill, was partly due to her intervention.

THE OLD DOCTOR'S STORY.

"I have a little story to tell you, boys," the old doctor said to the young people, the other evening. "One day—a long, hot day it had been, too—I met my father on the road into town."

"I wish you would take this package to the village for me, Jim," said he, hesitatingly.

"Now, I was a boy of twelve, not fond of work, and was just out of the hay field, where I had been at work since daybreak. I was tired, dusty and hungry. It was two miles into town. I wanted to get my supper and wash and dress for singing-school."

"My first impulse was to refuse, and to do it harshly, for I was vexed that he should ask me after my long day's work. If I did refuse he would go himself. He was a gentle, patient old man. But something stopped me: one of God's good angels, I think."

"Of course, father, I'll take it," I said, heartily, giving my scythe to one of the men. He gave me the package.

"Thank you, Jim," he said, "I was going myself, but somehow I don't feel very strong to-day."

"He walked with me to the road that turned off to the town, and as he left he put his hand on my arm, saying again: 'Thank you, my son: you've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

"I hurried into town and back again. When I came near the house I saw a crowd of the farm hands at the door. One of them came to me, the tears rolling down his face."

"Your father!" he said. "He fell dead just as he reached the house. The last words he spoke were to you."

"I'm an old man now, but I have thanked God over and over again in all the years that have passed since that hour that those last words were 'You've always been a good boy to me, Jim.'"

No human being ever yet was sorry for love or kindness shown to others. But there is no pang of remorse so keen as the bitterness with which we remember neglect or coldness which we have shown to loved ones who are dead.

Do not begrudge loving deeds and kind words, especially to those who gather with you about the same hearth. In many families a habit of nagging, crossness, or ill-natured gibing gradually covers the real feeling of love that lies deep beneath.

And, after all, it is such a little way that we can go together.

WHY ARE FISHES LUMINOUS?—Phosphorescence is observed in a great variety of marine animals, but Prof. W. C. McIntosh remarks that the functions of the luminosity cannot yet be explained, the conditions under which it appears being very diverse. The numerous views which have been advanced to account for the phosphorescence itself range over a wide area—from its production by electricity, by continued agitation of the water, by putrefaction, by imbibition of light, to its manifestation as a vital action in the animals, or a secretion of phosphorescent substance.

A NEW INSTRUMENT.—A new scientific apparatus for measuring distances—the "teletopometer"—has been devised by Prof. Cerebotani, of Verona, and is being exhibited in London. Its principle is that known to surveyors as "triangulation," but the essential base-line is so shortened as to be contained in the instrument itself, while a set of tables enables the observer to read off quite accurately the distance or height of any object in view without trigonometrical calculation.

The temperature of the Gulf Stream has been found by Capt. Pillsbury to range from 42 to 81 degrees. The greatest velocity at the surface is four and one-half knots, but the fluctuations are frequent and great.

SPIRITUALISM AND GNOSTICISM.

EDITOR OF GOLDEN GATE:

Spiritualism to me is a rational belief, and one susceptible of proof, but Gnosticism, or Theosophy, is based on individual assertions, and evidence seems unattainable. Conflicting ideas are noticed in regard to it, and those who profess to know express opinions at variance with each other. Spiritualism, while not attempting to prove that the spirit always existed in conscious individuality, does show that a continued existence awaits it when freed from the flesh. Gnostics inform us that man is a trinity, that he is possessed of a physical body, an astral soul, which is without form as far as heard from, for it enters into all kinds of animals until it reaches man. The physical had a beginning, and also the astral part, and these two are annihilated by death and decay, but the spirit always existed and is unaffected as regards its entity by the destruction of the two former. The spirit, from the beginning of time, or about that period, commenced to incarnate itself, and has continued so to do, with the prefix re, every time its fleshly form was destroyed. Every reincarnation deprives it of memory, and the past is all a blank until drawn out and developed by time, though the spirit is really as omniscient as some people suppose God to be. The object of this endless reincarnation is to produce a perfect physical body, but as near as an ordinary mortal can judge, that consideration seems to be no nearer attainment than it was thousands of years ago. The Gnostic has depicted a confused condition of life in and out the body, and has grounded his faith on an unpleasant belief, as I view it. To think or believe that after physical dissolution, the spirit must again enter the flesh and undergo the confinement and hardship of a material existence, with obliterated recollection, and everything to learn or be evolved once more, is not a very cheerful or comforting doctrine. Still such a one is what the Gnostic seeks to disseminate, and like every other ism the world ever saw, there are some who are quick and ready to accept it. To me it is a repulsive belief, and what comfort one can derive from it passeth all understanding. To think of spirit, which is superior to matter, as always being a slave to it! To think that life in a physical body would be more pleasant and agreeable than in spirit, where material conditions are unknown!

But there is no knowing where one will bring up if they cast reason out and base their ideas on imagination. For this belief, as before stated, not the least evidence can be adduced, and if any accept it, they do so the same as a Christian accepts a belief in heaven and another life through faith. Psychometry has no more to do in establishing its truth, than a weather vane has in shaping the course of the wind. It will not admit of proof, and the gnostic is candid enough to say so; unless it is found in one's own inner consciousness, same as some know there is a God, because they feel his spirit within. Abnormal conditions of the mind can be induced in various ways, and that morbid minds do exist in apparently healthy bodies is a settled fact. This unnatural belief had its origin in oriental countries, a section of the globe where dreamers are more common than actors in the drama of life. In India the old wooden plow still does service, and many of the primitive methods of ancient ancestors are yet in vogue. The seat of inventions and scientific discoveries, is not there; the steam engine, the telegraph, the electric railway and the Hoe printing press didn't originate in India, but the belief that the spirit of man once existed in a hog or a dog, and may again, did. This doctrine may be a slight improvement on an Orthodox hell, but materialism with its endless sleep, is a thousand times preferable to it. Spiritualism presents a marked contrast for the better, and its teachings inspire hope, aspiration and happiness. When death has ended the labors of life, we are ushered into the presence of dear ones gone before, and with quickened memory and unimpaired individuality, the joys and pleasures of eternity are opened up; and the spirit freed from the aches and ills of flesh, hampered no more by the material, begins the march of progress which shall never know an end. C. SEVERANCE.

San Francisco, Nov. 1, 1885.

Public Morality in Germany.

[Jenny June's Berlin Letter.]

The official residences add much to the imposing exterior of the city, and they enable the official to maintain his position without resorting to petty tricks and meannesses or wholesale bribery and corruption. Indeed, the standard of public morality is said to be, and seems to be in reality, very high. A man who would steal from an individual, that individual his own mother, would not steal from the government. The lowest depths of depravity is reached when a man will defraud his country—his fatherland; nor could he ever recover his standing socially or in a business way if he had once committed any fraudulent act, for it is considered that he wrongs not one individual alone, but the whole community, and exercises a publicly degrading influence. An instance of misuse of public money is hardly known in the history of local governments.

Written for the GOLDEN GATE.

DR. BUCHANAN'S MANUAL OF PSYCHOMETRY.

A REVIEW BY WM. EMMETTE COLEMAN.

Manual of Psychometry: The Dawn of a New Civilization. By Joseph Rodas Buchanan, M. D. Boston, 1885. Price, \$2.00.

Biographical Sketch of Jos. Rodas Buchanan, M. D. Boston, 1885.

Among the most marvelous discoveries of this wonderful nineteenth century may truthfully be ranked that of Psychometry or soul-measurements, and the world owes its discovery and practical application to Dr. J. R. Buchanan, a practicing physician in good standing for many years, and since its discovery a professor in four medical colleges in America; a man gifted with an inquiring mind, and an active, vigorous intellect. It was in 1842 that Dr. B. first discovered the existence of this wondrous endowment of the human mind, and since then the developments of the manifestations of faculty have been constantly enlarging.

A comprehensive manual of the field of psychic power has long been a desideratum. Dr. Buchanan has been for many years speaking of publishing a treatise on Psychometry, which promise he has at last fulfilled. Being its discoverer, and having probably devoted more attention to its investigation and unfoldment than any other living person, it specially devolved upon him to give the world the results of his protracted observation and experiments; and it is well that the Doctor has been spared to complete the present work. This work, though not embracing the entire field of psychometric research, is nevertheless very timely and useful, and the thanks of the world are due its author, primarily, for his original discovery of the existence of this subtle psychic element in human nature; secondly, for his persistent efforts to establish the fact of its potentiality and varied utility; and thirdly, for the publication of this well-digested manual of instructive and suggestive facts.

A work of this character, entering upon such novel and ill-understood paths of research, will necessarily in this Saddleback age meet with but scant favor from the great bulk of the scientists of to-day; and it is fitting, therefore, that those appreciative of the signal results of Dr. Buchanan's many years of labor in this prolific field, as embodied in the handsome volume under review, should render him due meed of encouragement and support, strengthening him for the production of the yet unpublished volumes suggested and promised by him—volumes which the importance of this many-sided subject loudly calls for at as early a date as practicable.

As yet very few competent investigators have conducted any researches into the weird mysteries of this fascinating branch of occultic science. That much truth underlies its basic claims is a fact demonstrated beyond peradventure, though it is sometimes abused and made to cover more than, in my opinion, it can legitimately include. It certainly, as a practically-demonstrated fact, meets the most careful examination, sifting and testing, at the hands of skilled investigators and analysts, the same as any other branch of scientific research. When scientists generally wake up to the importance of this now almost unnoticed realm of being, or as they certainly must, in due time, what a wealth of research will be opened to them! What revolutions will be made in the science of psychology—the science now so dimly understood, so misapprehended! Until then those of us who recognize the value and truth of the fundamental verities of this form of psychic manifestation should do all that in us lies to sustain and encourage the pioneers in this unpopular and comparatively unknown branch of science, men who like Dr. Buchanan, Prof. Denton and others have devoted their time and energies to the cultivation of this mystic realm of nature.

Though mistakes may be made, and its claims sometimes unduly stretched, yet better is it that investigation and research be continued, and their results publicly proclaimed, than that such should cease and the genuine truths embraced in these phenomena be crushed and stifled. The mistakes and errors incident to the incipient stages of investigation, in this as in all other branches of science, will be corrected as more careful and discriminating forms of research are instituted, and it may be that new and perhaps more startling phases of this marvelous power will be unfolded, as yet undreamed of.

As illustrative of the far-reaching scope of psychometric science when fully unfolded, the following paragraph from Dr. Buchanan's *Manual* is submitted:

"As a science and philosophy, psychometry shows us the nature, the scope, and the *modus operandi* of those divine powers in man, and the anatomical mechanism through which they are manifested; while as an art it shows the method of utilizing these psychic faculties in the investigation of character, disease, physiology, biography history, paleontology, philosophy, anthropology, medicine, geology, astronomy, theology and supernal life and destiny. Granting, as this volume will show, that Psychometry gives us the command of all these sciences, it is apparent that the introduction of Psychometry must prove the dawn of a new era in science, philosophy, and social progress, more important as to human enlightenment and elevation than all

the arts and sciences heretofore known to the skillful and learned; for if all libraries, manufactories and repositories of the arts in the world at present were suddenly destroyed by fire, leaving only in human minds a full knowledge of Psychometry, all might be restored in one generation, and far nobler institutions of learning, of practical art, of social order and of religion would arise from the other purified and relieved from a vast amount of falsehood, an inheritance from ancient ignorance."

It behooves Spiritualists especially to carefully study the workings and revelations of the psychometric faculty, as its domain manifestly trenches upon that primarily covered by phenomenal phases incident to their faith. In its broader application the Spiritual philosophy embraces the entire domain of spirits, whether manifest in or out of the physical body; and Psychometry throws much light upon the recondite mysteries of mediumship. It is an established fact that many Spiritualists and mediums habitually attribute to the action of disembodied spirits much that is simply due to the exercise of the normal psychometric faculty. The habit of attributing every manifestation of psychic power to the action of spirits engenders a phase of superstition as unscientific and baseless as the alluring delusions of medieval necromancy. Psychometry throws a flood of light upon many of the supposed manifestations of power supernal and infernal. It renders clearly apparent the marvelous power inherent in the mental structure of men and women here in this life, and when intelligently and patiently studied in its variant forms of manifestations, it enables us to largely segregate the purely mundane psychic facts from those that may rationally be attributed to outside or supramundane sources. For the elimination of truth in this direction, to the advancement of sound modes of thinking based upon scientific discrimination and analysis, the study of the principles of psychometric revelations should be searchingly pursued by the Spiritualists of the world; and to that end the free, intelligent use of Dr. Buchanan's *Manual* will be of signal service.

This timely volume contains a large quantity of interesting matter, including psychometric delineations of the characters of many of the famed ones of earth, living and dead.

The practical utilities of Psychometry are set forth in the departments of self-culture, conjugal relations, business, medical science, politics, literature, and prophetic intuition; and its uses in the unfolding of the new philosophy of man and a scientifically established religion are succinctly outlined.

For many years the writer of this revision has been an investigator of Psychometry, so far as relates to the delineation of personal character from the hand-writing or lock of hair; and in this regard its truth has been established beyond all doubt. Some of the delineations of his own and other's character (his own particularly) are most marvelous in their strict accuracy, their complete insight into peculiar shades of character, and their wonderful circumstantial predictions afterwards literally fulfilled. The most wonderful psychometrist tested by him was the late Mrs. Annie Denton Cridge, sister of Prof. Wm. Denton; but he has received evidences of the possession of this gift in many others, in greater or less degree. In this city, in addition to Mrs. H. E. Robinson and Mrs. Albert Morton, of whom we have already spoken in the *GOLDEN GATE*, he has received very striking delineations of character from Mrs. Lena Cooke and Mrs. E. E. Williams Patterson; and among others, in different parts of the country, in whom the writer has demonstrated the existence of the psychometric gifts, may be mentioned Mr. Charles Dawbarn, of New York, Mrs. Mary Severance of White Water, Wisc., A. B. Severance of Milwaukee, Mrs. W. of Brooklyn (through the kindness of Dr. G. Bloede), Mrs. L. A. Coffin of Somerville, Mass., D. W. Hull of Portland, Maine, Mrs. M. Lewis of Morrison, Ill., Clara A. Field of Boston; also Miss Ross of London, England.

Copies of Dr. Buchanan's suggestive and valuable work may be obtained at the office of the *GOLDEN GATE*, Presidio of San Francisco, Cal.

This was one way of proving that a woman was a witch in the olden time. She was placed upon a chair or stool with her legs tied cross, that all the weight of her body might rest upon her seat, and by that means, after some time, the circulation of the blood would be much stopped. She was obliged to remain in this position for twenty-four hours, without either sleep or food. In order to free herself from this torture, it is no wonder that she was willing to confess that she practiced witchcraft.

No man can learn what he has not preparation for learning, however near to his eye is the object. A chemist may tell his most precious secrets to a carpenter, and he shall never be the wiser—the secrets he would no utter to a chemist for an estate.—*Emerson*.

Study gives strength to the mind, conversation grace; the first apt to give stiffness, the other suppleness.—*Sir W. Temple*.

THE DEAD TO THE LIVING.

[Detroit Evening News.]

It may be held as demonstrated that a mind in the flesh can impress itself distinctly upon another "living soul," without any medium of sense-perception yet ascertained. An ample body of well-verified and sharply scrutinized testimony exists to support the theory of "thought transference" in this life. A more difficult question remains: Can the dead impress the living? Can those who have gone before communicate with us who remain?

This is a problem of the ages, and yet hardly a problem in the ages of Christianity. "I believe in the communion of saints," is an article of faith supposed to be as old as apostolic days. It is to this day repeated by millions of worshippers in the Greek Catholic, the Roman Catholic and certain of the Protestant churches. The pilgrim fathers comprised it in their famous New England primer, along with the dissenting catechisms. The American prayer books, however, disguise its meaning by the punctuation—"I believe in * the holy Catholic church, the communion of saints"; as if the latter were simply a definition of the former. The standard English editions punctuate thus: "I believe in the Holy Ghost; the holy Catholic church; the communion of saints"; which is not liable to misreading. The traditional interpretation is clearly set forth by Bishop Pearson, the great authority upon the creed of the church of England:

"They [the living sanctified] have an intimate union and conjunction with all the saints on earth, as being members of Christ; nor is this union separated by the death of any, but they have communion with all the saints who have from the death of Abel departed this life in the fear of God and now enjoy the presence of the Father and follow the lamb whithersoever he goeth."

But this belief as a practical matter, has almost died out of the churches. It has not for many years been taught in the theological course at Andover, and it is probably not included in the teachings of any seminary of the kind in America, if anywhere abroad. For this

LAPSE OF FAITH

the vagaries of Spiritualism are mainly responsible. But for raps and table-tips, for jingling of bells and strumming of guitars, the tying and untying of ropes, and other worthless and often ridiculous performances, ultimating in the destruction of Christian belief, and perhaps of common morality, in the devotees to these phenomena, it would be easier now to establish the possibility and the fact of impression by the dead upon the living. As it is, the investigator in the higher range of so-called supernatural phenomena, or the expositor of collected and arranged facts of this kind, is sure to be warned away from his work by the silly cry of "Spiritualism." Nevertheless the time has come, in the development of scientific inquiry and thought, for fearless research and presentation of whatever may be definitely, certainly learned in any field of God's creation. The truest Christian, indeed, is he who courageously puts his questions and accepts the answers that cannot be gainsaid. He will have no fear of conflict between the revelation through the word and that through the works. Each needs only to be rightly interpreted.

Waiving all prepossession and prejudice the presumptions are wholly in favor of thought transference from the dead to the living. The great Sir William Hamilton, writing a generation ago, recorded that, "however astonishing, it is now proved beyond all rational doubt that, in certain abnormal states of the nervous organisms, perceptions are possible through other than the ordinary channels of the sense." It is an easy step from this to the affirmation of transferences from the disembodied to the still embodied soul. "We ought not," says Dr. Bertrand, "to consider our body as containing our souls in the manner in which a thing material contains another; but only as limiting the extent of the matter in which it is given to act and feel." When, therefore, the range of the soul is no longer "cribbed, cabined and confined," as here, but is practically unlimited, as it may be in the other world, its energies should be all the more powerful and far-reaching. Under conditions which may correspond to the "certain abnormal states" in this life of which Sir William wrote, the possibility, if not the likelihood, of communication from the dead to the living, is now affirmed by many of the philosophers and scientists. The philosophic poets often give hints of it, as Tennyson in the well-known lines:

Moreover, something is or seems,
That teaches me with mystic gleams;
Like glimpses of forgotten dreams,
Of something felt, like something here;
Of something done, I know not where;
Such as no language may declare."

CASUS IN POINT.

The facts presented in the literature of Spiritualism are often to be profoundly respected. The clairvoyance and clairaudience of the more gifted "mediums"; occasional healings through the diagnosis of clairvoyants and the laying on of hands, perhaps simply mesmeric; automatic writing, by the hand or the wonderful planchette, oftentimes in strange tongues; impersonation, as when one seems fully possessed by the soul of another, speaking and acting with marvelous resemblance to the departed; and even the "trance-speaking," when it does not betray itself by the utter

siliness and badness of its speech;—under all these heads a multitude of well attested narratives are now on record which defy explanation by any forces yet known or by any other present hypothesis than that of influence from the dead.

For example, a Tennessee clergyman, the Rev. J. B. Ferguson, avers that with his own ears he has heard native Americans, who knew nothing of German, speak fluently for hours in the presence of Teutons born who declared their speech to be the purest high Dutch. Prof. Alfred Wallace, a naturalist of high renown, says that from trance speakers "I have heard discourses, which for high and sustained eloquence, noble thoughts and high moral purpose, surpassed the best efforts of any preacher or lecturer within my experience." True, Mr. Wallace is a Spiritualist, but Sergeant Cox, an eminent pleader of the English bar, is not, or was not, when he testified: "I heard an uneducated barman, when in a state of trance, maintain a dialogue with a party of philosophers on 'reason and foreknowledge, will and fate,' and hold his own against them. I have put to him the most difficult questions in psychology, and received answers always thoughtful, often full of wisdom and invariably conveyed in choice and elegant language. Nevertheless, a quarter of an hour afterwards, when released from the trance, he was unable to answer the simplest query on a philosophical subject, and was even at a loss for sufficient language to express a commonplace idea."

One of the most remarkable recent cases of apparent possession by a departed spirit occurred a few years ago, near Tippecanoe, Harrison county, O., when the facts were related in the *Cleveland Herald*. Mrs. Birney, a venerable and pious member of the Presbyterian church, in no way identified with Spiritualism, so far as the narrative discloses, became subject, regularly every fortnight, at first on week days, but afterward on Sundays only, to unconscious periods, during which she was moved to deliver sermons or religious discourses of one to one and a half hours each. When recovered from the spell she declared most solemnly that she had no power to resist the influence that came upon her, however she might struggle against it; that she had no knowledge, before or after speaking, of a word said in this state.

AN OLD-TIME INSTANCE.

This relation is not derived from the records of Spiritualism, but is of a kind inevitably claimed by the holders of that faith. Passing it, then, with this brief summary, let us inquire for a case not at all connected with modern Spiritualism, where the impression can in no way be accounted for except as from the dead, and where the communication proved of great importance to the receiver in a critical exigency. One such case, well established, ought to be crucial; a single instance should be enough for the satisfactory induction of a theory or principle. Such a case is at hand, in one of the best known books of this century, "The Antiquary," by Sir Walter Scott, who wrote long before the Spiritualism of to-day arose. In the editions of the Waverley novels annotated by Sir Walter himself, the text is illustrated by an incident which he declares to be perfectly authenticated. A Mr. Rutherford was prosecuted for a large sum, the arrears of a "teind" or tithe claimed to be due to a noble family. He retained a strong impression that his father had purchased exemption from this; but the parent had long been dead, and laborious search among his papers and in the public records, and inquiry in every direction failed to verify his impression. He had given up his effort at his defense, and determined to ride the next day to Edinburgh and make the best compromise he could. But that very night his father seemed to appear to him in a dream and advised him that he, in his day, had bought in the tithe, and that the papers proving the transaction would be found in the hands of a retired writer or attorney, then very aged, but still residing near Edinburgh. "It is very possible," he seemed to say, "that Mr. — may have forgotten a matter which is now of a very old date; but you may call it to his recollection by this token: that when I came to pay his account there was difficulty in getting change for a Portugal piece of gold, and we were forced to drink out the balance at a tavern." The old man was found, and although he could not at first recollect the far-away transaction, the mention of the Portuguese gold soon brought it back. An immediate search recovered the papers, and Mr. Rutherford's claim in defense was by them made good.

Some parts of this story might be accounted for as the revival of old memories lying dormant in the living brain; but others cannot, as the anticipation that the aged writer would forget the original affair. Mr. Rutherford himself always believed that his mind had been impressed by the soul of his father; and Scott says "his health and spirits were afterwards impaired by the attention which he thought himself obliged to pay to the visions of the night."

Canon Farrar is emphatic in his opinion that Dante is the greatest poet in the world. He says shrewdly that there is more chance of our finding another Shakespeare than of finding another Dante.

THE PHENOMENA IN LOS ANGELES.

Editor of GOLDEN GATE.

We are having quite an outpouring of the spirit in this city at the present time, and some of the dead bones of materialism are likely to get a good shaking up. Mr. Henry Hurst, formerly of Terra Haute, Ind., in connection with Mrs. Ana McCulloch, formerly of Grand Rapids, Mich., about ten weeks ago commenced giving dark seances. They gave some seven or eight of these, nearly all of which were highly satisfactory.

At one seance the few sitters were rewarded by seeing and conversing with two angel visitors, the first being "Sprite," a control and guide of Mrs. Jenny Warren, who was present. She came out several times, being strong and graceful in appearance. The second form was a daughter of Mrs. Rush, formerly of Terra Haute. She was arrayed in pure white, with a veil resting upon the floor. Both these spirits had materialized several times before east of the Rocky Mountains, and were recognized by those who had seen them before. Sprite has been a denizen of the spirit spheres for 250 years. She was sacrificed in infancy on account of her mother marrying out of caste, her father being a Turkish Prince, and her mother a high born Hindoo of Brahminical faith. Miss Rush has been in spirit-life fifty years. Both these forms were altogether unlike the medium.

At another seance held a week later these two females came again with the addition of two more, one being Shawnee, an Indian control of Mrs. McCulloch. He was dressed in an entire suit of buckskin. He shook hands with all present, danced around and admired himself as reflected by the mirror. That he was a veritable Indian no one present entertained the least doubt. The other visitor was the sister of a Mr. Jenkins who was present, and recognized her, it being her second attempt. She was rather weak and remained only a few moments.

Owing to the fitting up of the seance room and cabinet, and partly ill health of the medium, no more seances were held until Saturday the 31st ult., on which occasion no less than eleven forms made their appearance, all being relatives of the sitters save Sprite. A remarkable incident of this seance was the appearance of a young son of Mrs. Rush, who, as soon as he came out of the cabinet blew a whistle which he had taken from his little niece at a dark circle some six weeks previous. He had kept the whistle all this time and now gave it to his mother to return to his niece. All the forms appearing this evening were recognized by their relatives or friends, save one, a spirit lady, friend of Mr. J. Pattison, was not recognized at the time, but he informed the writer the next morning that he remembered her. She gave the name of Julia Anderson. Nearly every spirit, manifesting at this seance, threw the cabinet door wide open so that all in the seance room could plainly behold the medium and the psychic form at the same time.

Among the others manifesting at this seance were the mother of the medium and Mrs. Jenny Warren, a young daughter of Mr. Christ Mepforth.

Mrs. Sparr of this city was made happy by the embraces and consolations of a sister who had left earth in infancy. A young son of Mr. Hurst made up in the cabinet, but did not make his exit. Your humble correspondent was taken up to the third heaven by the embraces and assurances of eternal affection from a sister whom he had not seen in the flesh for nearly forty years. She looked nearly as natural as when in the flesh. This was her first attempt at re-incarnation. I have no words that can convey the joy I experienced in those few moments. She, my sister, also tenderly and passionately embraced my little daughter Daisy, who was present. A youthful acquaintance of the writer also came—Annie White by name—whom I recognized. She told me of an unhappy wedded life and other matters which were of a strong test character, considering the fact that this was only the third seance given by this medium. We, all of us here, who have witnessed these heavenly wonders, believe that we have a most remarkable medium among us, one who is destined through and by the power and direction of the angel-world, to do a vast amount of good. Her residence and seance-room are located at 33 Banning street. Mr. Henry Hurst, her assistant and manager, has had a very large experience of many years in materialization, and in all the various phases of physical phenomena.

I like the solid appearance of the *GOLDEN GATE*, and I see in it those marks of both merit and stability which show that it is the gate by which many hungry souls will be abundantly fed with the spiritual bread of life.

BEN FRANKLIN FRENCH.

Los Angeles, November 2, 1885.

The second "Popsy Story," by Mrs. Helen Jackson ("H. H."), in the November "Wide Awake" gives some amusing features of the great "overland" journeys forty years ago.

The November "Wide Awake" will give some interesting school-girl reminiscences of Cooper, the novelist, by Mrs. Harriet Pinckney Huse.

GOLDEN GATE.

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AT

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SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 7, 1885.

For the purpose of placing the GOLDEN GATE upon a basis that cannot fail to inspire entire confidence in its stability, and also to enlarge its field of usefulness, steps are being taken to incorporate a joint stock company, with power to hold real estate, to carry on a complete printing and publishing business, and to deal in spiritual and liberal literature of all kinds. The matter is in the hands of such intelligent and liberal gentlemen as Dr. G. B. Crane and John Allyn, of St. Helena; Amos Adams, M. B. Dodge, J. F. Schafer, John A. Collins, S. B. Clark, and others, of San Francisco, and elsewhere. We hope to be able to lay the full details of the plan before our readers in the next issue of the GOLDEN GATE.

MORALITY OF SPIRITUALISM.

It is customary among unthinking persons, or those who are ever ready to catch up and repeat an echo, that Spiritualism teaches or tolerates a looseness of those moral restraints so necessary to the true welfare of society—that Spiritualists, as a class, are inclined to be indifferent to, or reckless of, the sanctities of life, as regards personal purity, fidelity to the marriage relation, etc.

This idea is doubtless due, in a measure, to the fact that religious people, so-called, are apt to regard themselves as entitled to a monopoly of all the graces and virtues that adorn human character, and that all non-believers must necessarily be wanting therein; and also to the further fact—unpleasant as it may be to admit it—that Spiritualists, being very much like other people, have occasionally clouded their souls with immoral practices.

Now, all must admit, that there can be nothing in a belief in the existence of the spirit after death, or in its power to return and manifest itself to the living, as at all calculated to lead to impurity of life or conduct. On the other hand, is it not natural to suppose that one who believes in the watchful presence of pure and loving ones, who have passed on to spirit life, would therein find an especial incentive to a pure and worthy life?

It is a very great mistake, the idea that religious belief of any kind is any safeguard to virtue. That is purely a matter of character, that belongs quite as much to the Atheist and the Spiritualist, as to the Christian—or else all the records of folly and iniquity of the world have been strangely perverted.

But it is not for the purpose of drawing comparisons that we pen these lines; but rather to insist that the time has come in the history of Spiritualism when the Spiritual press, and the teachers, mediums and ministers of Spiritualism should urge the highest standard of morality on the part of the believers in this new gospel. Men or women, recreant to their marriage vows, or to the principle of personal purity of life, should be excluded from the Spiritual platform, and not listened to until they learn to mend their ways.

Charity for a brother's short-coming, or a sister's frailty, is a commendable virtue, when exercised with a gentle purpose to strengthen good resolutions, encourage the weak and lead up to a better life. But it should never be exercised to palliate or condone offences against the moral law of our own natures, or against the recognized standards of morality, established for the regulation of society. Spiritualism should be the embodiment of "whatsoever things are lovely and of good report," whatsoever is calculated to ennoble humanity and sweeten individual life. It is only by a strict adherence to the highest principles of morality that we can hope to receive, and be entitled to claim the good opinions of mankind.

A NOBLE BENEFACTION.

On Sunday morning last, at the meeting of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of this city, immediately after the opening song, Mrs. E. S. Sleeper, a dear and noble-souled lady, who has long enjoyed blessed communion with her loved ones in the spirit world, went forward to the rostrum, and, addressing the President, presented to the society, as a contribution to the building fund, a deed to city property valued at over \$10,000. This is a most timely gift, and one worthy the head and heart of the generous donor. The society returned a hearty vote of thanks to the good lady which was ordered to be engrossed, and presented to her; and also a copy forwarded to the spiritual papers of this Coast and the East, for publication.

After the presentation the subject of "Spiritualism" was discussed, Bro. John Allyn leading off in some well-chosen remarks, in which he took for his text the benefaction of Mrs. Sleeper. He urged upon others with affluent means, the exercise of a like generosity, as a help to their souls' advancement in the future life. He referred to the case of a very wealthy Spiritualist of this city, who, dying, made no provision for the cause in which he professed great interest, and whose vast estate was now involved in numerous law

suits, and was likely to be largely squandered in litigation. He thought that a portion of the accumulations of Spiritualists could not be devoted to a better use than to the promotion of the cause that lies close to the heart of every true Spiritualist. We not only need a hall of our own, but he hoped the time would come when provision could be made for the founding of a Medium's Home. Mr. Allyn also spoke a few generous words for the GOLDEN GATE, that was faithfully working to inculcate the principles of Spiritualism.

The discussion then became general. Col. Collins addressed the meeting in his usually clear and incisive manner; the editor of this journal briefly responded to a call from the audience, and several others occupied the rostrum in turn until the hour for closing arrived. But the audience still lingered to enjoy the grand and beautiful inspiration of that most wonderful medium, Mrs. J. J. Whitney, of whose remarkable powers we have hitherto had occasion to mention.

The meeting was a memorable one in many particulars. In view of this princely donation of Mrs. Sleeper, the society will take fresh hope and heart for the work before them.

THE STANFORD UNIVERSITY.

The grandest humanitarian and educational project of the age—the Stanford University—is rapidly assuming definite shape and action.

Some facts concerning Governor Stanford's magnificent benefaction in this direction have recently appeared in print, although the detailed plans of the great enterprise are not yet fully matured.

The central idea is the construction at Palo Alto, of suitable buildings for a group of educational institutions, with a chief college or university at the head, all amply endowed, and then to be presented to the State. For the endowment, Governor Stanford will consecrate his Vina estate of 35,000 acres, in Tehama county; the Neill ranch in Butte county, of 25,000 acres, and the Palo Alto homestead, partly in Santa Clara and partly in San Mateo counties, of 7,000 acres. Most of these lands are under a high state of cultivation, and are very valuable. The vineyard on the Vina tract comprises 3,000 acres, and is said to be the largest vineyard in the world. This ranch has fifty-seven miles of ditches and water rights. The land, it is said, will produce six crops of alfalfa each year. On the Neill ranch there are 17,000 acres of choice wheat land, and the rest is rich bottom land. The Vina estate is to be subdivided into forty-acre farms, and rented, the proceeds to constitute a part of the endowment fund.

All of this vast property, in addition to personal property, valued at many millions of dollars, Governor Stanford will, after making ample provisions for his heirs—consecrate to the noble charity he has undertaken. He is now preparing the papers which shall constitute the gift and the trust, and will devote the balance of his life to overlooking and directing the execution of his grand educational project.

Fit work, this, for the declining years of a noble life. Here is a charity the far-reaching results of which only eternity can measure. The business foresight that could acquire such a vast property; the heart that could prompt, and the head that could execute so grand and generous a scheme, place Governor Stanford in the front rank with the truly great men of the world.

MRS. BESTE.

In referring to the late exposure of the supposed materializing medium, Mrs. Beste, a correspondent of the *Banner of Light*, says: "To those intelligent Spiritualists who understand the sensitive laws and conditions governing these phenomena, it can readily be seen that transfiguration will explain the whole matter."

Now there is one feature of the Beste case that "transfiguration" will not explain. Mrs. Beste was provided with a luminous gauze arrangement with which she enveloped herself to represent an illuminated spirit. This robe or shawl was a part of the paraphernalia that was seized and divided among the audience as mementoes of the occasion. If she was an honest medium why was she invested with this apparatus of jugglery?

We are aware that it will be said in her defence that deceptive spirits may have produced this luminous gauze for the occasion. This claim would destroy every possibility of determining, what is, or is not, honest mediumship. If mediums are found personating spirits, or if they appear before the investigator in masks, or are discovered playing tricks of any kind by those who are not inimical to the mediums, and who would be glad to see an honest form materialization in their presence—if all of this shallow pretension is to be laid to deceptive spirits, and the medium fully exonerated in the matter, then must everything like careful investigation cease.

If it is the spirits, and not the mediums, who are up to this kind of charlatany, then we ask to be excused from the fellowship of that class of spirits. All such mediums should refuse to allow their mediumship to be abused and perverted by such spirits. They should cease to hold seances for the exhibition of Spiritual duplicity, as they should for the exhibition of any duplicity of their own. And until they do, Spiritualists should leave them and their seances severely alone.

No honest medium will consent to hold seances under conditions that render trickery possible. They will insist upon avoiding the very appearance of fraud. If they use cabinets, they will see that they are placed in the audience room, where all sides may be carefully guarded. Unless they are willing to do this, however honest or genuine they may be, they may expect unfavorable criticism.

Utah is afflicted with several pests of a persistent and aggressive character, but they have all grown less formidable in the presence of that winged nuisance called the English sparrow. The people have called upon the Legislature to remove the protection that it threw around them on their arrival, that the country may lay siege and destroy them.

MR. WILSON'S RESIGNATION.

H. C. Wilson, President of the Society of Progressive Spiritualists, of this city, having been induced to resign his position as Principal of the Point Lobos school, because of certain alleged suspicious circumstances affecting his moral character, very properly, on Sunday last, tendered his resignation as President of said society, and vacated the chair which he had filled with marked ability for the last three years. As the resignation would have to come before the Board of Trustees, the Society having no power to act in the matter—Mr. Wilson requested the Secretary to present it to the Board at their first meeting. Mr. S. B. Clark was then elected temporary President of the Society.

It is due to Mr. Wilson to state that, after tendering his resignation to the Board of Education as Principal of the school, he subsequently addressed the Board asking for its withdrawal, and calling for an investigation of the case, but the Board refused to grant his request, and accepted his resignation without opposition. This left his hitherto fair name under a cloud of suspicion. He was not willing that the cause of Spiritualism should suffer thereby, hence his resignation. We hope Mr. Wilson will take prompt action in the courts against his accusers, in a suit for libel, and be able to vindicate his honor before the world, when, we have no doubt, the society would be glad to reinstate him as its President.

This is a case in which opinion goes for naught. The grave charges made are either true or false, and that is wholly a matter of proof. Until Mr. Wilson is fairly and fully vindicated the least the Board of Trustees of the Society can do is to accept his resignation.

NOT ALL.

"Time is fleeting," but "art is long," else there could be no accumulations reaching up into the millions, that so many men possess to-day. In these times of planning, new enterprises and invention of expedients, fortunes are not earned, but made.

The fortunes of many were made for them, and since it is the law that money may earn money, a few well-managed hundreds may become thousands in a short time. But since, while these big sums are growing, and the small ones of day laborers are diminishing, there is something wrong in the process, some advantage taken that only large sums of money permit.

The *Washington Mercury* says: "The enormous fortunes that a few possess to-day have either been gained by some sort of monopoly—which is a modified form of stealing—or by stealing outright. Somebody has been robbed when a man in his own lifetime, beginning from nothing, piles up millions of dollars."

Nevertheless, it is possible in this age; and there may be no more robbery in the matter than lies in the shrewd, far-seeing business mind, as it acts in advance over the masses that see and plan not, even for the morrow. Besides this honest foresight, there are fortunes made by robbery of the people.

SOME OF ITS RESULTS.

Investigation seldom fails to prove that inebriates come of ancestors of the same or lower stamp, and that shiftlessness and poverty are handed down like physical taints to mar and blight a long lineage of offending beings; admitting at the same time, the modifying influences of possible education and improved associations, but which seldom happens to bless the unfortunate creatures of such parentage.

The Superintendent of the Elmira Reformatory says that drunkenness can be traced in the ancestry of more than two-thirds of the convicts sent there; that only one in four of their parents has had the benefits of a common-school education, and that, as nearly as can be ascertained, the home influences in half the cases has been distinctly vicious.

There is piling up against alcohol a blacker record than the most rigid temperance man could have imagined a hundred years ago. The evil is monstrous and of rapid growth. All our institutions for the large and growing class of unfortunates, contain a great percentage of its victims, directly and indirectly. If not checked who can exaggerate the condition of society fifty years hence?

The Governor of Colorado has appointed Mrs. Olive Wright, of Denver, Commissioner for the State at the New Orleans Exposition, which opens the 19th ultimo. That is sensible, and the Governor, of course, knows he has selected the right person for the right place, this time. There is no reason why women should not fill such positions; there are plenty of places and women that naturally belong to each other, and we believe that in the slow but sure workings of time they will come together and be happy. As regards men and women and their duties and relations in life, the true order of things has in the past been in a great measure reversed, but they are righting themselves; on in the coming time, each will find and do happily her own destined work.

The law is sometimes magnanimous, but when it provided that the salaries of the messengers of the special postal delivery should not be attachable, it almost overdid itself in its foresighted benevolence. That a man, having to feed, clothe and board himself, and perhaps, contribute to the support of others, on thirty dollars a month, should ever accumulate an amount that could inspire the cupidity of the law, is not supposable, though a woman might manage differently. The exemption made in this instance must create a feeling of security akin to that experienced by the spirits of starved messengers who have been promoted to the air-line service.

How to avoid paying poll-tax constitutes the chief study of not a few men, while voting is so little regarded that they do not keep run of election days. On the other hand, there are eight

hundred women in Woburn, Mass., who have this year voluntarily paid this hateful tax in advance, that they may secure the right to vote for members of School Committee. Considering the large class of men who have no proper regard for the right of suffrage, and evade paying their poll-tax, it would be no more than fair to transfer their inherited rights to their sisters, who take a deep interest in matters of election and good government. That men should vote from mere formality is as bad as not to be allowed to vote on account of sex.

THEIR BUSINESS.

An obituary sermon is a mild form of perjury. No matter how mean a man has been in life, the average clergyman manages to give him a complimentary send-off in death.—*Exchange*.

In the first place, is any one wholly and absolutely bad? We think not. Men who die by edict of the law, do not get the benefit of a funeral sermon; those who die in their domestic beds, surrounded by family and friends, can not be considered so bad that to praise them would be perjury. There is now and then a self-made clergyman—Rev. Samuel Jones, for instance—who goes about knocking people down and stunning them with sand-bags of truth, from which they recover only to get up and laugh and prepare for another blow. No one is insulted, no one hurt, by these metaphorical weapons of honesty. Educated and drilled ministers of the gospel are trained in ways of refinement and politeness, and do not take upon themselves the business of investigating the lives of those for whom they may be called to perform the last sad rites in consolation for the living, more than one of whom may be bound by ties of love and deepest affection to the memory of a not unlovely past. It is not the province of clergymen to wound feelings and lacerate hearts, but to bind up and heal the wounds of the living and be charitable to the dead, who, like all that are to follow, must answer for the deeds done in the body.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

Mrs. Nettie P. Fox, editress of the *Spiritual Offering*, will spend the winter in the South.

The mane of a mare, rescued from a burning stable at Manchester, N. H., turned white.—*Exchange*.

How this world is given to lying!

The Wednesday night Spiritual meetings now meet at Grand Pacific Hall, Market street. The meetings are well attended, and, it is believed, are accomplishing much good for the cause.

The touching discourse of Mrs. E. L. Watson, at the obsequies of Mrs. Pet Anderson's son, will appear in the next issue of the GOLDEN GATE. It is full of that pure and transcendent spiritual thought for which the gifted speaker is so well noted.

Prof. Huxley says he would like to see a scientific Sunday-school in every town, and adds: "If any object that it will dishonor God, on any special day, to awaken the mind of the young to the infinite wonder of the works called His, and to teach those laws which must be His laws, there must be something wrong in their logic." And so there is, and has always been, but it is improving, and it is safe to say that the Bible stories that have been memorized by Sunday-school pupils for ages, will yet be displaced by something of practical ere the close of another quarter of a century; at least, we like to think so.

Clark Whittier, a brother of the poet, who has secured sixty thousand acres of timber land in Swain county, North Carolina, with the intention of founding a town and naming it in honor of the poet, will honor himself quite as much if the town lives and flourishes upon the principles of its founder, who makes the plow, the Bible and prohibition its foundation, and provides that all real estate reverts to the town when the owner thereof sells or buys intoxicating liquors. This provision will tend to exclude an objectionable class, and attract those who build homes on the sure basis of legitimate pursuits.

To all it concerns, the credit system is bad; it is ruinous alike to debtor and creditor, and if one of the latter ever comes out from the bondage of its chains into the light of a free day, we don't believe he ever rationally goes back again. The many recent failures of farmers in the region about Stockton, is having a good effect upon the merchants of that town, that others would do well to consider. They are forming an association that has for its object the abolition of the credit business of that locality. Buying on trust is a moral weakness that should be overcome in the people, and selling for cash is the only remedy.

A few years of association with the military as a means of protection to his crowned head, the Czar of Russia finds a feeling of great safety in a dog, a noble mastiff of extraordinary intelligence and strength, that has become his constant companion, going with him on all important journeys and sleeping by his bed. In cases of individual attack, this beast would do well enough, perhaps, but for the schemes and intrigues of the Nihilists, who conduct most of their operations underground, the faithful guard would share the surprise of his master and be powerless to avert the dynamic blow.

The Women's Exchange movement is still flourishing, and Mrs. Julia Ward Howe, of Boston, is still its chief animating spirit. Through her effort there has lately been inaugurated one of these beneficial institutions at Little Rock, Ark., organized on a broad plan of helpfulness to the women of that State. All periodicals are to be on file, containing news of a nature for woman's advancement. Fancy-workers and preserve-makers will here have an opportunity to exhibit the results of their home-work. No better locality could be found in which to establish another branch of this aid to women. This region has long been stunted in its growth of aims and aspirations for their advancement.

NEWS AND OTHER ITEMS.

A 9-year old girl took the first prize for oil-paintings at the recent Los Angeles fair.

Mr. Gladstone's definition of Liberalism is "Trust in the people, qualified by prudence."

From little over thirty tons of ore from the Oro Fino mine in Owyhee county, Idaho, \$27,000 were lately extracted.

A naturalist, who has just returned from Spain, says that the natives keep locusts in cages for the sake of their "music."

A Riel rescue meeting is being organized in London, and the Queen is to be appealed to for a commutation of the sentence.

There is a law on the statute books of Pennsylvania which requires housekeepers to scrub their pavements every Friday. It was passed in 1767.

In the past fifteen years the British Government has expended \$217,000,000 upon its navy, and since 1867 the German navy has cost \$140,000,000.

A new system of drying lumber by surrounding it with common salt is just now attracting attention. The peculiar power of salt for absorbing moisture is well known.

At Monday's session of the National Woman's Temperance Union at Philadelphia, Miss Francis E. Willard was re-elected President. The National Prohibition party was endorsed.

Two hundred and fifty-four marriage licenses were issued by County Clerk Flynn last month, yielding a revenue of \$508 to the City Treasury, making glad the hearts of 508 persons.

Negro children in the schools at Fresno have caused dissatisfaction among white parents, and although there are but five such children the proposition to rent a room and hire a teacher for them is seriously entertained.

Rev. Alfred Coffee, a colored minister of Madison, Fla., has been arrested for beating to death his thirteen-year-old son, "to make the child honest." The boy had sold three pounds of stolen cotton to a country store.

The suit of Mrs. Jane L. Connor against the estate of William Jarvis, at Sacramento, for \$10,000, which old man Jarvis had agreed to give Mrs. Connor, if she would marry him, was decided Saturday in favor of the defendant.

A telegram from Pittsburg says: "All the Evangelical denominations are holding day and night revival services in nearly all churches in Pittsburg and Allegheny. The movement is an outgrowth of the Moody and Sankey meetings last spring."

Thirty-five states and Territories are now represented by exhibits at the exposition which opens at New Orleans, November 10th. It is said that all the available space has been spoken for, and that the exhibits from Europe and elsewhere will be extensive.

Rev. Mr. Spurgeon says that while he wishes the Established Church of England well, and that it will make the best argument it can, he considers the union of church and State unscriptural, fraught with evils and an injustice towards dissenters, and ought to be discontinued.

According to a letter to the *St. Louis Globe-Democrat* from El Paso, Mexico, "there is a good deal of private talk among the intelligent and property-owning Mexicans in Chihuahua in favor of annexation to the United States of the northern tier of Mexican States."

Col. James Edward Calhoun of Elberton, aged about ninety, will lead a fair widow to the altar in December. Mr. Calhoun is a man of letters, wealth, and eccentricity, and is a near relative of Carolina's greatest statesman, John C. Calhoun.—*Macon, Ga., Telegraph*.

A chunk of native silver ore from the new strike on the 100-foot level of the Reymert mine, at Florence, A. T., and weighing twenty-five pounds, was shipped to San Francisco last week. It was a fac-simile of some of the beautiful and famous native silver specimens of the Silver King.

Following is a copy of remarks made by Mrs. Eunice S. Sleeper, on presenting property valued at \$10,000 to the Society of Progressive Spiritualists in Washington Hall, November 1, 1885:

Mr. President and Friends: It is with pleasure I this day present you a deed of a small piece of property for the Building Fund of this Society, and I earnestly wish that it was ten times more than it is; and I also wish that I could make you, Mr. President, one of the perpetual trustees. For such is my great confidence in your wisdom and integrity, with your love for the Spiritual cause, that I should not fear to place a much larger sum in your hands to use for the Society as you individually thought best. With many good wishes for you and the Society's prosperity, I ask you to accept this gift. MRS. EUNICE S. SLEEPER.

Officer E. Stevens last night removed a young woman from the lodging-house, 120 Seventh street, to the City Receiving Hospital to be treated for a wound in the left arm inflicted by herself with suicidal intent. She gave the name of Edna Bowen, but admitted it was not her proper name. She stated that she has a mother, two brothers and two sisters, and that she is twenty-eight years of age. She gave as a reason for attempting suicide by opening an artery, want of work.—*S. F. Bulletin, Oct. 3rd*.

"Oh, it was pitiful, In a whole city full, Home she had none." Society must be sadly out of joint, where such things can be, and scarcely arrest a moment's attention of a passing quidnunc.

We regret to learn that Brother Garnsey has been obliged to discontinue his *New Era*, published at Grand Rapids, Mich. He says: "The editorial and office work of the paper was done during the hours not devoted to business, and was purely a labor of love. The large expense attending the long and painful illness of my beloved wife and the subsequent laying away of her body, made it necessary that I should devote all my time to business." And so his excellent paper stops—to appear again, we hope, at no distant day.

Among our long list of exchanges none is more welcome than the GOLDEN GATE. It is a model of mechanical neatness, and its editorials show that no novice guides the pen. It is sound on the temperance question; it could not be otherwise, for its platform is, "The elevation of humanity in this life, and a search for the evidences of life beyond." This is an excellent platform, and though we look upon its "evidences of life beyond" as a sweet delusion, we have no unkind words for the tender hearts who are so enthusiastic in behalf of that which is, in theory, a beautiful religion.—*Our Star*.

FURTHER ON MATERIALIZATION.

[John Wetherbee in Spiritual Offering.]

The interest of this article will be two-fold, particularly to the writer; first, explanatory, showing that when one attends a spiritual seance and has palpable proof of the fact, and says so from both a sense of inclination and a sense of duty, and some one reading the strong statement made, goes there and is disappointed, thinks the statement overdrawn. This article will show that there are conditions which the medium cannot control, and the disappointed one has no one to blame but his luck; and second, what was witnessed at the seances that have inspired this article, I think these two points will justify this further writing upon materialization matters of which we have already spoken in prior articles.

I attended a seance a day or two since at Mrs. Fairchild's, a goodly number were present, and among them were some of all of the leading lights of the new Temple society. There was M. S. Ayer, the president, Mrs. Dyar, who may be said to be the high priestess of the institution, Mr. Caswell, the materializing medium through whom Agrippa, the king, (an ancient spirit having charge of Temple matters) appears, Mr. Hatch, also a materializing medium of the same constellation, and Mr. Clough also who is its treasurer. I have learned that the make up of a circle has much to do with the quality of the manifestations, and I felt on looking round and seeing the make up of this circle, which was thus conspicuously mediumistic, that it would be unusually interesting and I was not disappointed, nor any of the others.

The apparitions were many and the recognitions were frequent. I will not however go into details, at least only where it is necessary to make myself intelligent. The latter part of the seance the illuminated spirits had possession. One appeared which Mrs. Dyar recognized as *Sprite*, one of her well-known controls; Agrippa, the king of the Temple, also appeared, and Mr. Ayer and Mrs. Dyar interviewed this ancient apparition, recognizing it, so did Dr. Caswell, Mrs. Dyar remarking to those present that it was Agrippa, and I think she said was the controller or the inspirer of the phase of materialization; she also said he was the king of this temple movement. These as spirit manifestations were very interesting, and I think no one could have had any doubt of the genuineness of what was seen on this occasion as materializations. As personalities I am not convinced, but I am not infallible and my impressions ought not to set aside people's positive knowledge, and I do not make this criticism for the purpose; I am only stating what is my own impression, and to make that still clearer, for I want to be understood, I say again I have no question of the spiritual source of what I saw on this occasion, that spirits appeared and who in the way mentioned claimed to be *Sprite* and *Agrippa*. I have no question of the influence of spirits in this connection; I do not think we have any evidence of ancient historic personalities sacred or profane; others have the right to think otherwise and I can only say, "Where ignorance is bliss 'tis folly to be wise." I am aware that the logic of my impression suggests deception on the part of the spirits, like the fable of "the daw in borrowed feathers," but they, the spirits, are over the border and may see wisdom in the end to justify the means. An argument would be interesting here, but hardly in order in this short article.

At the close of seance, one was supplemented in the corner of the room, as has been occasionally done of late, where an empty triangular space enclosed by a curtain, a space that everyone could know was empty, and there being no way of entering it except in sight of all and while the medium was outside, there came out over a dozen spirits; one was recognized by Dr. Caswell and one by Mr. Hatch; often two came out together and I state what no one present will deny, that it was absolutely certain these spirits came out of an enclosed space, empty of everything but air.

On the next evening I had been told by the medium that Senator M— and his wife would attend a seance; they were old friends of mine, and the medium claimed them as valued friends also. I have sometimes thought that when conspicuous people, or special or desirable friends were to be present, the manifestations were apt to be of a higher order, and I had rather go once, quoting a line from Coleridge, and get a sight

"Of Jupiter's glad children born in lustre," than to attend a dozen ordinary manifestations.

I was present on this occasion, was glad to meet the senator and his wife, and my seat was side of them, and the circle seemed to be a very good one. The apparitions were numerous and were recognized. I think the senator's son, whom he recognized, had certainly a family look, reminding me of his brother, that I well remembered, still I have nothing to qualify in what I have already said of recognitions; they are not the feature in this phase that interests me; it is the fact of materialization, that is the important point with me. I was sorry to hear the medium say that she did not feel able to give a corner supplement, that she had gone beyond her strength the day before, and her excuse

was of such a nature as to command approval, though it was a disappointment to the senator and his lady, they never having witnessed this supplementary proof. This shows that these exhibitions are not wholly dependent upon the medium's disposition or interest. It was her desire to do her best for these friends of hers, and it was evident from what the spirit said (the medium being entranced) that it was not possible; evidently the spirits were willing but the "flesh" was weak. I have sometimes thought that as I am a penholder and the medium being human, with an eye on the main chance, that I was favored, and added or rather drafted a luster to the occasion. It seems otherwise, that the medium does not have it all her own way nor the spirits either. If the medium could she would have strained a part, at least for her friend, the senator, who had never witnessed one of the demonstrated supplementary proofs.

People who go to materialization seances and are disappointed, because the one they witness does not meet the expectations, from reading my statement, should remember no two are alike, and I write always from what I see and know, and not what may happen on another occasion. One who had attended the first one mentioned in this article and was enthusiastic over it, causing one to attend the next, the later comer would have found in the latter nothing to warrant the writer's enthusiasm of the other one that induced him to attend. That was accident, and should not be counted as the latter's perspicuity and the former's credulity, and that is the way this writer is sometimes judged; and so when anonymous fools write me, implying as much, I feel like saying, "get thee behind me, Satan." I am not describing the seance that the later comer saw, I am describing the one I saw. I do not know as I am making myself lucid, but what I want to impress upon the reader is, that a correct account of the seance of which I first spoke, would not be at all correct as a report of the second one. If I had attended the second one and never seen any other my pen would have been silent, experience, the other and more like it, I not only write strongly about but it throws a luster on the poorest one, so that in both I feel that I have been in the presence of angels.

Japanese Etiquette.

[Boston Traveler.]

The difference of national interpretations of etiquette are comically illustrated in a little story told by a lady in Washington society. A Japanese gentleman called on her one day just before luncheon. As it was a first and presumably ceremonious call, she naturally expected it would be brief. To her surprise, he accepted her invitation to lunch, and that domestic rite over, he still staid. The hours wore on, and he did not go. The lady was wearied beyond endurance. Dinner-time came, the lady's husband returned, and still the gentleman from Japan staid on. He was, as a matter of necessity, invited to dinner. Finally the gentleman of the house relieved his wife for a time in entertaining this apparently stationary visitor; but as the evening wore on he became so tired and sleepy that he retired to his own apartment, and the hostess again screwed her courage to the sticking point and resumed the entertainment of the guest. At last, about midnight, the Japanese, with the most elaborate and abject apologies to the lady for leaving her, took his departure. But the comedy reached its denouement the next day, when a friend, in whom the extraordinary guest had confided, told the hostess that he said he had never had such an ordeal before in his life; that he was so tired, and he thought the lady would never let him go, and finally he was obliged to leave her without her permission. Then the hostess learned that in Japanese etiquette the lady receiving a gentleman gives him the signal for his departure, and it is very rude in their code to leave her till she does this.

Incurable Habits.

One of the saddest facts in the whole history of mankind is the fact, that a man may so utterly lose all moral power as to become hopelessly lost to all remedial influence. Mr. Bruce Thompson, who was a long time connected as a surgeon with the prisons of Scotland, says that habitual criminals are without moral sense and are moral imbeciles. That their moral feebleness and insensibility are so great that in the presence of temptation they have no self control. He said that among all the murderers he had known, amounting to nearly five hundred, only three could be ascertained to have experienced any remorse for what they had done. And this seems to be the general opinion of all who have had much experience with the criminal classes. A life of shame and crime has ended in completely deadening the moral sense. The good angel of the soul had died: all desire for a better life had faded away.

The Czar of Russia has bestowed upon Alvan Clark, of Cambridge, Mass., the golden honorary medal of the empire "in acknowledgment of the excellent performance of the great object glass" made by Mr. Clark for the chief telescope in the Pulkowa Observatory. This medal is given very rarely, and only for extraordinary merits. Only one other has been granted by the present Emperor.

EVANGELICALISM.

[The Religio-Philosophical Journal contains the following synopsis of a discourse on the above subject recently delivered in Chicago by Rev. Huber Newton.]

For one, he finds no fault with ecclesiastical views in themselves. These views he desired to spread until they lift the church out of its present petty provincialism, in which its chief occupation seems to be saying over that celebrated prayer: "Lord, I thank Thee that I am not as other churches." When he was a boy he claimed that the average evangelical looked upon a high-church man much as most good Christian folks still look upon a heathen. This spirit betrayed the fact that the evangelicals too commonly allowed their own ecclesiastical views to blind them to the worth of other forms of churchmanship. Intellectually evangelicalism no longer satisfies the intellect.

THE REVOLUTION OF THOUGHT.

Under this head Mr. Newton said that the most astonishing revolution in thought which the world has ever experienced has taken place in our day. It is simply impossible to adjust the eyes to the old glasses and see that which our fathers saw. The landscape of earth has changed, as when the globe has passed from one geologic period to another. Who tries to keep school with the text-books that satisfied our fathers? Every department of knowledge has required new primers—primers which give the new history, and the new geology, and the new chemistry. If thus it has been in all other departments of thought, why should it seem irreverence to admit the fact that a similar change has been rendered necessary in theology? It needs a new edition to bring it up to date. Every department of knowledge, in its own transformation, has changed more or less the data of theology. In particular, the first-hand knowledge opened to this generation of the other great religions of the earth, has given a grotesquely antiquated look to the philosophy of religion which, only a generation ago, seemed perfectly reasonable and conformable to fact. There would have been no trouble with us if our evangelical masters could have said to us: "Children, this, our interpretation of the mystery of life, is the best we have to offer you. Wait awhile, and we shall be able, in the advancing light of earth, to give you some better answer." Instead thereof these noble men felt themselves called upon to say what could not but be thus interpreted: "We know all about these matters which exercise your minds. We have received an authoritative explanation of them from on high; we speak oracularly, as the mouthpiece of infallible omniscience; this answer which we give you is the final and conclusive word upon the subject." What could happen other than that exodus of the thoughtful children from the old benches which has actually taken place?

The great preacher insisted that there was no need for him to show that facts do thus convict this venerable system of error. The thirty-nine articles, Westminster confession, and all the rest of the evangelical symbols, were not drawn up in heaven, but on earth—by men, not by angels—and hence, like all things earthly and human, were subject to the limitation of the age and of the individuals by whom they were constructed. Theology is a progressive science, if it be a science; yet, from the standpoint of evangelicalism, this simple, common-sense axiom of mental life was denied. The result has been the lamentable confusion amid which our generation has found itself; on the one hand, devout men depreciating reason; earnest men slighting faith; the church anathematizing science as a religion, and science denouncing the church as superstitious.

BOLD AND CANDID STATEMENTS.

Mr. Newton, in elaborating his line of thought, boldly asserts that this noble school of religion narrowed into ever closer folds its range of mental sympathies and shut itself up to pastures by no means green and to waters, however still, were certainly not deep. It starved its own brain and has been slowly dying of intellectual ennui. Religion to live and grow must be free; faith must strike its roots down into reason; science—that is to say, knowledge—must yield to the contents of a true theology, and in the data of all true science will surely be found much material for hope, and trust, and aspiration, and worship. The weakness of evangelicalism spiritually opens a curious field into which we can only step—taking a glance at what would so well repay most careful study. If he were to sum up in a word these spiritual evils he should say that they were the offspring of exaggeration. Its intensity lacked extensiveness, its depth lacked breadth, its zeal lacked poise and moderation, and thus its very virtue ran to evil. It exaggerated the function of religion in human life; it counted culture as something hostile to that true aim. Cecil said at one time when sick: "If God should restore me to health again I am resolved to study nothing but my Bible." Thus its morality lacked robustness and virility, and religion grew unwholesome and morbid.

WHAT THE SAINTS FORGOT.

Under the above head, the distinguished divine closed his remarks, asserting that evangelicalism exaggerated the noble vision of a life to come, until the true proportions of the present and the past were

lost. Its pictures of life were like the Chinese scenes, in which prospective is disregarded and an object which ought to shrink in the background swells big in the immediate foreground. The church is something other than a celestial fire-insurance company. This concentration of purpose upon the individual turned the thoughts and interests of religion away from society, and in seeking to save themselves the saints forgot to save civilization. It exaggerated the spiritual sense of fellowship with God, until that idea became an irreverence, if not a blasphemy. Evangelicalism exaggerated throughout its own glorious Gospel, and thus corrupted it. John Wesley lived to write: "I find more profit in sermons on either good tempers or good works than in what are vulgarly called Gospel sermons." The term has now become a mere cant word. Let but a pert, self-sufficient animal, that has neither sense nor grace, bawl out something about Christ or his blood, or justification by faith, and his hearers cry out, "What a fine Gospel sermon." Evangelicalism as a system or school is doubtlessly dying. Its truths have passed out into the life of the church, which it has truly made more evangelical. We carry with us the living truths of this noble movement, and leave behind us only the dead forms of their early incarnation. And they will find no nobler expression of their free faith than that given by John Wesley, the father of Evangelicalism: "We leave every man to enjoy his own opinion and to use his own mode of worship, desiring only that the love of God and his neighbor be the ruling principle in his heart, and show itself in his life by a uniform practice of justice, mercy and truth; and accordingly we give the right hand of fellowship to every lover of God and man, whatever his opinion and mode of worship may be, of which he is to give an account to God only."

THE YOUNG GIRL AND THE CARS.

[Harper's Bazar.]

It is an unfortunate necessity that obliges so many of our young girls to attend their studies of the daily school, or to take their music or painting lessons, their lessons in the languages or in bookkeeping, or whatever their especial call to study may be, in some place at a distance from their homes, and to travel that distance by rail. There is, perhaps, no school in the place of the parents' residence of sufficient scope to be of use to the children, and as the children feel it incumbent on them to acquire the particular branch of knowledge which engages their attention, they have no alternative but to leave home altogether for some spot where lessons are attainable—a course often undesirable, often not to be compassed financially—or else to make the daily journey to the spot by rail.

The acts of daily entering a public conveyance and confronting the stare of a multitude of inquiring eyes, of familiarizing themselves fully with the scenery of the road, and the manner of travel and customs of the car, and the appearance of the travelers in it, of being accosted by this person and that unknown before, of answering questions to strangers, and of sometimes being obliged to ask of them the same—all these give the young girl a sense of freedom that she never felt at school, that she never felt at home, and that it is hardly good for her to feel anywhere. Nothing is capable, it seems, of so soon rubbing the bloom off the character as this frequent contact, this familiarity and sense of ease, this looking unabashed in the face of the strange man who passes, this superior knowledge of the ways of the trains, this general condition of feeling perfectly at home in the eyes of all the world and all out-doors.

Another uncomfortable feature of the business is a too free and easy association that follows with the employes of the train. The brakeman gets to recognize the young girl and bid her "good-morning," so does the conductor. The men who belong to the express companies have a word for her; presently the fireman knows her; and it is not at all uncommon for the engineer to give her a nod and a sentence of some sort as she goes by. The train hands may be quite as good as our young girl, and even better, yet, whether they are so or not she has no means of knowing; and, apart from that consideration, and the consideration as to whether they add to or take away from the refining influences desired for her, it is plain even to these employes, should they stop to think of it, that it is not desirable for any young girl that she should acquire the free habit of conversation with any one not introduced to her by responsible people, be he prince or be he pauper. Those persons who guard their daughters as precious property, who watch their every movement, keep off all evil and soiling things, and then turn them loose in a railroad car to be on equal and familiar terms of conversation with those who may or may not have been reared with corresponding care, may as well have spared themselves the trouble they have taken in the first place; it stands every chance, under the present conduct of young girls in the cars, of being thoroughly undone in the time of one quarter's lessons. The well-meaning conductor of the train will exchange a little badinage as he punches the school ticket, or will ask kindly of the studies he sees under way, or

will sit down from one station to another in the vacant or opposite seat. The conductor, often the father of young girls himself, may do these no harm; but neither will he do them any good. He will, at any rate, break them into the habit of conversation with a stranger, and make it the more easy for them with the next one. The next one will be the brakeman, who will presently be following suit, and at such times as he is disengaged will scrape acquaintance, and beguile the young maidens thereafter with such facetiæ as accords with his own taste. And after him the deluge.

Of course there are young girls who do not condescend to make the acquaintance of people whose acquaintance is not regarded best for them by their parents and friends, but these are few. Away from home and its restraints, carried along by a certain slight exhilaration and by the contagious example of others, the usual damsel, with the gay animal spirits of other years, is ready for anything of the sort; and any *habitus* of the train may hear her and her mates making merry in the car before it starts, if the starting-place is from a terminus, or coming on board with loud hilarity, calling each other by name, and talking of their affairs in clear, resonant tones, as if there were nobody else present, and there were nothing else of so much interest in the world, or the place were their own parlor, all with something that approaches the brazen both in face and voice and manner; and that in spite of the fact that they were shy and modest little maidens a very few months ago. Nobody can imagine that this would happen to them if they staid and studied at home, or that it happens in any other way than through their railway travel and their intimacy with the railway employes, who often seem to have a sort of attractiveness for young girls, perhaps because of their authority in the train, perhaps because of their general air of strength and force.

The parents of these young people who are being vulgarized by this contact of the train, if unable to put them permanently at school under safe guardianship, would hardly find it more expensive than their present course to unite their means—spending scarcely more, in addition to the price of their lessons and the cost of their railway tickets, and of the clothing of their daughters—rather superior to what their ordinary wear at home would be—in order to secure the presence in their own town or neighborhood of some teacher capable of giving the needed instruction without rubbing the bloom off the tender fruit in the process, or possibly of hampering or crippling the girls through life by undesirable acquaintances, connections and manners.

"A Hindoo Lady" who wrote a letter to the *Times of India* on infant marriage has sent another remarkable communication to the same paper on the subject of enforced widowhood. She writes bitterly of what she describes as the "brutalized human nature" that could lose sight of the difference between a child widow of six and a matron widow of sixty; and provide for the innocent mite that life of long misery which is the invariable lot of the Hindoo widow. She tells how directly after the husband's death the widow's hair is cut off and her ornaments are taken away; how she must thenceforth wear the coarsest clothes and eat the most unsavory food. Her presence is shunned and she becomes the leper of society, doomed to pass her life in seclusion.

A brave coast-guardian named Thomas White rescued six little children at Ryhope, near Sunderland, England, the other day, where they had been caught in a cave by the rising tide. White had to descend a cliff seventy feet high by means of a rope and waded into the cave up to his chin, where he found the little ones huddled together and washed by every incoming wave.

There is a boom in the peppermint oil market in Wayne county, N. Y. The prices paid for the oil vary from \$2.85 to \$2.95 per pound. The advance is due to heavy orders from Europe, where immense quantities have been consumed this year in the treatment of cases of cholera.

PASSED ON.

From Steilacoom, Oct. 25, 1885, Mrs. B. Roberts, aged 76 years.

O, hearts rejoice that a soul was free
From the clogging scenes of earth—
That a wearied spirit found repose
In the mansions of higher birth.

"In my Father's house" are mansions fair
And homes for the weary to rest,
Where angels chant their psalms of praise,
To a soul supremely blest.

May her mantle of love be over us thrown,
Her courage and patience be ours;
May we be prepared to meet her, there
In those lasting heavenly bowers.

NOTICES OF MEETINGS.

SPIRITUAL SERVICES at Metropolitan Temple, under the ministrations of the celebrated and eloquent inspirational lecturer, Mrs. E. L. Watson, Sunday, November 8th; answers to questions at 11 A. M. Evening lecture at 7:45; subject: "For the subject see Sunday morning dailies." The Children's Progressive Lyceum at 12:30 P. M. A cordial invitation to attend is extended to all.

PROGRESSIVE SPIRITUALISTS.—The "Progressive Spiritualists" meet in Washington Hall, No. 35 Eddy St., every Sunday afternoon at 1 P. M. All subjects relating to human welfare and Spiritual unfoldment treated in open conference. All are invited.
N. B.—The Free Spiritual Library in charge of this Society is open to all persons on Sundays from 1 to 4 P. M. Contributions of books and money solicited.

NATIVE DAUGHTERS OF THE WEST.

[Golden Era for November.]

Much has been written of the adventurous race that first peopled these western shores of the Pacific. Song and story have received a fresh impetus from the daring deeds and peculiar conditions of life that prevailed in the early times. The men and the women who left peaceful homes to wrestle with the wilderness were stirred by the spirit of adventure, dazzled by the glitter of gold, and by those circumstances became differentiated from the kith and kin left behind. As a people, in a few short years, they developed in daring and fortitude, with strange contrasts of gentleness and roughness, and became the fathers and mothers of a new race upon these shores. The third of a century has passed. A new generation has arisen. The old circumstances have died away, and civilization has laid her strong hand upon every part of this wilderness, subduing all these peculiar elements of this first stock. Is there any vestige of these singular traits to be found in the descendants of this race, born in the midst of this "gold fever epoch," or are they tame and conventional, ordinary children, of extraordinary parents just like the generations with quiet stay-at-home fathers and mothers?

"Native sons" have arisen under the banner of the West, organized themselves into societies, proudly boasting of their native land, and easy it is to read the record of their lives and ambitions. But more difficult is it to gather together the record of the "Native Daughters," for they are scattered, and shy as the quail of the mountain fastness. Only a few of the names may be traced, only a few facts gleaned. And yet among them is a multitude of brilliant, accomplished women, still young, and in their first flush of success.

The whole world knows that the gifted Mary Anderson lays stress upon her California birth—first seeing the light in Sacramento. She moved away when a child, but carries still fondest feelings for her native State, as may be seen by a late notice culled from the *Chronicle*:

"It is just two years and a half since I went away," said Miss Anderson, "and I have acted during that time, let me see, just two years. I have played 'Pygmalion and Galatea,' 200 times, 'Romeo and Juliet' 100 times, 'Comedy and Tragedy,' 150 times, 'Ladies of Lyons' 50, and so on. My American tour is to last ten months. The only thing I know of it is that I am going to California again, to Sacramento, my home."

Doubtless, the fire and ambition that have blazed in her soul, forcing her onward and upward to the success which has brought even London town to her feet, have been but a natural inheritance from the parents who had the gold fever in their veins.

In the whole of America there has never been one actress who has achieved such a triumph, who has won such laurels. She has been accepted and acknowledged by the critical world of England, France, and America as the highest type of perfection in beauty, grace, manner and talent combined. What more remains to be said? It would be merely gilding the lily and painting the rose.

It has been published broadcast that Emma Nevada, one of the most successful American prima donnas, is a native of the "Sage-brush State," and comes from the pre-historic town of Austin, a town now almost obliterated from the page of memory, but once a teeming spot full of wild excitement and thrilling adventure. Were not the hope and courage that sustained the little songstress through her dark hours, while trying to obtain her musical education and afterwards, recognition, a true heritage from these singular times, when every man braved the wilderness, and elusive hope filled every breast? Many an American maiden has been gifted with as clear a voice as "Our Nevada," but few have the fortitude and courage to carry themselves to the highest round in the ladder by means of it. Her pictures are always unsatisfactory, as it seems almost impossible to represent her as she is—a round-faced little girl, with a certain attractiveness of manner that endears her to every one.

Again we have to chronicle a successful young actress, Miss Eleanor Calhoun, a native of Visalia, Tulare county, but who grew up from childhood in San Jose. She made her first appearance in San Francisco some four years ago, and awakened wonder at her ease and natural grace. Mrs. M. H. F., a talented contributor of the *Overland*, writes of her:

"Miss Calhoun is a representative daughter of the West, a most brilliant and promising young actress. You cannot speak too highly of her beauty and histrionic ability. She is engaged at the Old Haymarket theater, London, and is really petted by royalty. During her late visit to her home in San Jose, the whole city combined to do her honor, giving her a grand ovation, and proving false for once the old adage about a prophet in his own country."

From the *Chronicle* of several weeks ago we cull the following:

"Miss Eleanor Calhoun, after a short visit to her home, has returned to England. She is an admirable instance of a young lady endowed with beauty and talent, who is resolved to learn her profession thoroughly, and cannot be commended too highly for the course she is pursuing in her dramatic career. She is an active member of a stock company at the Old Haymarket theater, London, and fitting herself by years of careful preparation, for the vocation she has chosen."

In the realm of the drama we have a number of lesser stars, bright, intelligent

daughters, who excel in certain lines of dramatic work. Miss Emma Schultz is an electrical creature, well fitted for burlesque comedies. Miss Charlotte Tittel is a rising actress, much appreciated in San Francisco in more serious parts; and Ida Aubrey is a porcelain like creature of exquisite mould, who gave a phenomenal performance of "Juliet" at the age of fourteen.

In the realm of art we see a pronounced element of Native Daughters; Miss Lizzie Strong, born in Oakland, perhaps takes the lead. Many tales are told of this brave little girl's struggles and trials in obtaining an art-education abroad. Naturally gifted, she brings to her work an inherent beauty of sentiment that lifts it to the highest place in artistic excellence. To gaze upon the animal's heads that she makes to live and breathe on canvas, one would imagine her a strong woman with manly ways. On the contrary, she is represented as a young, slight creature, with two braids hanging down her back—the picture of childish inexperience.

In the art notes of the *Chronicle*, we find the following:

"That clever artist and talented little lady, Lizzie Strong, has sold her last Salon picture for \$1,000. Her many friends will be glad to learn that this industrious girl has at last gained such a foothold in Paris, that she is practically beyond the reach of misfortune or privation. Several prominent Paris dealers have asked her to paint for them, and the small student from San Francisco is fast becoming famous. A local dealer has now on exhibition a very fine study of her's, painted two or three years ago. It is a half-length picture of a big, smooth, white dog, with a pink muzzle. He is looking up in life-like fashion, and while he is looking at us, there is a tortoiseshell cat at the bottom of the picture, who is looking up at the dog. Lizzie Strong has a feeling for color unusual in an animal painter, and her distinguishing characteristic is, that any canvas she touches a brush to, is found to have a motive, or tell a story."

Of Miss Nellie Hopps we can do no better than quote from a late sketch in the *GOLDEN ERA*:

"A native San Franciscan, one who has grown up in the midst of an art atmosphere, Miss Hopps is a type of another kind of California girl than that made famous by the Bret Harte stories. Petite in figure, refined yet original, she is the representative of a new type not yet made known to the outer world, a type of refined ladyhood mingled with the strength of creative force."

As a landscape and decorative artist, Miss Hopps stands high among the people of San Francisco.

Another gifted daughter is Miss Albertine Randall, who has a special line of her own in the illustration of books, and decoration of title pages and in fancy designs, all which is rapidly bringing her to the front ranks, and making her in great demand. Among the art notes we find it announced that

"Albertine Randall has received an order from a New York Publishing House for the illustration of a book for the holidays."

And these are the notices which mean something—something accomplished by industry, energy and talent combined, and show the beginning of fame and fortune.

Another realm of the arts is that of wood engraving and designing in which Miss Mary Ingalsbe easily takes the lead. She is a native of Eldorado county, and belongs to the firm of Chamberlain & Ingalsbe, Engravers.

Several years ago, the *Argonaut* made special note of one of her title-pages of a song, which was acknowledged to be one of the most artistic of its kind, and from time to time the art-critics make mention of her special designs. Any sketch of Miss Ingalsbe which omitted reference to her late office in the Crocker building, just destroyed by fire, would be incomplete. Her beautifying touch and artistic instinct had decorated it and made it more like a cosy home of the arts than a mere business office. Upon the walls hung beautiful cabinets carved by herself, pictures, etchings and dainty little contrivances to delight the eyes, and the most harmonious combination of color in Indian reds and olive greens. It was a spot to be happy in. But the ruthless hand of the fire fiend was laid upon these treasures, and Miss Ingalsbe with her partner, Mrs. Chamberlain, lost everything, even to their tools and necessary appliances—all was swallowed up in a few brief hours.

This brave young lady quickly recovered from the shock, however, and set herself to work once more, beginning over again. But already the plain office begins to take on a new guise, touched and beautified in many little ways by her artistic fingers. All kinds of designing and engraving on wood is done here, from the plainest, most practical, to the finest work, making her the competitor of any engraver on the coast.

In the realm of literature, nothing great has yet been achieved, but the promise of things to come is abundant. Perhaps Miss Millicent W. Shinn, a native of Alameda county, holds the most responsible position as editor of the *Overland*. Last month's *Century* mentions her among the poets, and the volume of "Berkeley Verse" testifies to her skill, while her first short story, "Young Strong of the Clarion" has been included in an Eastern book of short stories. But from the writings thus far from her pen, it would seem that her critical instinct is more highly developed than her creative, which will be apt to lead her into a different vein of literature than that usually chosen by women.

Mrs. Mina B. Unger, a native of Nevada county, is an acknowledged art-critic. For years she has fitted herself by study and practical experience to follow this branch of journalism. Her style is bright,

terse and original, and whatever department she takes up is done in a finished, readable manner. As a conversationalist, she is witty and clever and has an admirable quality in speaking well of every one, and according each and all a full meed of praise for his or her special gift. She is a bright, breezy little woman, quick of step, and full of a strong magnetism. Should she turn her attention to creative work, her occasional short stories show that it would be strong and original.

Perhaps the very strongest literary work done by a Native Daughter, has been that of Mrs. Annie Lake Townsend; known under the *nom-de-plume* of Philip Shirley. Her novel of "On the Verge," has passed into its third edition, and by its vigor and merciless portraiture of character, provokes a feeling of wonder, especially when it is remembered that the author, at the time of writing it, was but twenty years of age. A number of short stories in the *Argonaut*, all of them strong, peculiar studies of character, reveal her to be possessed of an original mind, gifted with a marvelous insight, and mistress of a finished style. The *Ingleside* says of her:

"Annie Lake Townsend, author of 'On the Verge,' dramatic critic, journalist and poet, has a bright, frank face, dazzling teeth, snapping brown eyes, and a slender, active figure. She has been writing from her cradle, and is now in years, looks and enthusiasm but a young girl just beginning."

Mrs. Ella Sterling Cummins, the author of the "Little Mountain Princess" and the "Portrait of a California Girl" in the "Short Stories by California Authors," and an occasional contributor to *St. Nicholas*, was born in Placer county. She enjoys the proud distinction of having been rocked in a miner's gold rocker instead of a cradle, and grew up in the midst of gold and silver mines. She has imbibed the spirit of the mountain, and it marks nearly everything she writes, many of her stories telling of quaint incidents of the past.

From the *Ingleside* we take the following:

"Ella Sterling Cummins is young and interesting. She has a very white face, intensely black eyes and a Joaquin Millerish, child-of-the-Sierras style. She does all kinds of literary work, stories, essays, and heaven knows what not."

In the realm of music we have the Joran sisters, the eldest not more than sixteen, perfect marvels in their way, with brilliant execution and a matured musical taste.

Of accomplished young ladies of great promise, but whose names are not yet made familiar to the public, perhaps there are none more thorough, more brilliant and yet more shy than the Misses Ellen and Elizabeth Sargent, daughters of Hon. A. A. Sargent our late minister abroad. They were born in Nevada county, and have devoted themselves always to the deepest study. They are, perhaps, more inclined to the philosophical than the creative or critical instincts, but if their industry should ever bear fruit as promised, we should have works of deep thought and meditation added to our list.

Miss Adele Carter, another accomplished young lady, was the first white child born at Port Chehalis, Or. Like another Emma Nevada, she made up her mind to obtain a European education, and she accomplished her purpose. Paramount above all else is the creative instinct in Miss Carter's make up, leading her to compose music and verses, and also to work out her original ideas in the realm of art. Should she concentrate her powers on any one of these branches, she might achieve something great. Her verse is especially beautiful. In appearance she is fair as a lily, and her hair almost a white blonde; while her chief charm lies in her manner, which is the perfection of good breeding.

Annie C. Barry, well known to readers under the name of "Babek" was the first child born of American parents in Tuolumne county. She has achieved great success as a principal in our public schools. Her life has been typical of California's history—"full of romance and unrest." She has written many things for the press, and has published in a neat form, "The Crescent and the Cross," a California story.

No sketch of our Native Daughters would be complete which omitted reference to Miss Katie Hittell, a graduate of the University at Berkeley, who spent the year following her graduation studying art in the famous galleries of Europe. Upon her return she went through her home with a fairy's wand, giving palpable or at least visible evidence of her native talents.

The reception room is especially wonderful to be the result of a young girl's fingers—the design being original and unique. Gold checker-board squares cover the ceiling, the frieze has a gold ground, on which are painted Pompeian figures in black. A rich, wine-colored velvet paper is on the walls with a dado of mythological scenes painted in brightest colors on a gold ground. A wine-colored carpet covers the floor, blue curtain hangings and divans add to the harmony of color, while a red shade in the bay-window sheds a soft, rosy light over the marble bust of Apollo, and makes the place mysteriously beautiful. Original to her finger-tips and yet full of a meditative spirit, she forms a strong contrast to the ordinary young woman of the fashionable world. In the midst of this softened, rosy light, she sits and communes with her soul, and is perfectly

happy, evading all notice and as shy as a creature of the wildwood, a bright, quaint figure, dark-eyed and dark-haired, she is fitting elf to the enchanted room she has evolved from her brain and made actual with her fairy fingers.

There are many more typical daughters, but these must suffice, showing sufficiently that the impress made upon these young women by their native land, has been unique and peculiar. In even this faint outline enough has been shown to convince us that originality, courage and a high degree of talent, are the natural heritage of these daughters of adventurous fathers and mothers of the past, and altogether, these names constitute a roll of honor worthy of this first generation of the West.

Exchange for Women's Works

These are institutions which are not as widely known as they should be; and we commend them to those of our readers who are desirous of earning money at home during their leisure hours. Most of these industrial exchanges have developed during the last five years; and their founders, at least, claim that they have done a widespread and useful work. In brief, the idea is to furnish a place of sale for anything useful or beautiful which a woman can make at home. Articles of cardboard, feathers, straw and like flimsy materials are usually not accepted, also the work of professional artists, etc. The aim is to help women who want to help themselves by doing any kind of meritorious work. So far, the largest profit has been made in the culinary department—on bread, cake, jellies, preserves and pickles. Of course, whatever is quickly perishable in its nature is beyond the reach of those who have to send their work by mail or by express, but all other avenues are open to them. The need of good, plain, well-made articles of wearing apparel is observed; and likewise the inability of a majority of women to produce such work, showing that our domestic education during the past few years has tended more to the ornamental than the useful. In most cases, it is the latter that sells. There is a Woman's Industrial Exchange in almost every large city now—in New York, Boston, Chicago, Philadelphia, San Francisco, Minneapolis, and St. Paul, at least—and we think in St. Louis, New Orleans and Buffalo. Circulars and rules can be obtained by addressing the Superintendent of the Exchange for Woman's Work, in any of these places, enclosing a stamp for reply. A commission of only ten per cent. is the usual charge for making sales. Here is an opening for women whose duties confine them at home, but who have time and the desire to earn some money for themselves.

In 1815 the newspapers of Paris, under censorship of the press, announced in the following manner Napoleon Bonaparte's departure from the Isle of Elba, his march across France and his entrance into the French capital. "9th March. The Canibal has escaped from his den. 10th. The Corsican Ogre has just landed at Cape Juan. 11th. The Tiger has arrived at Cap. 12th. The Monster has passed the night at Grenoble. 13th. The Tyrant has crossed Lyons. 14th. The Usurper is directing his course toward Dijon, but the brave and loyal Burgundians have risen in a body and they surround him on all sides. 15th. Bonaparte advances rapidly, but he will never enter Paris. 20th. To-morrow Napoleon will be under our ramparts. 21st. The Emperor is at Fontainebleau. 22d. His Imperial and Royal Majesty last evening made his entrance into his Palace of the Tuileries, amidst the joyous acclamations of an adoring and faithful people."

One sunny Sabbath morning the late Rev. Samuel Hamilton found himself preaching to an attentive congregation in a Kentucky town. It so happened that a tipsy man strayed like a black sheep into the fold, but no one objected, and things ran smoothly enough. Presently a small dog entered at the open door and trotted down the aisle until it reached the front of the pulpit, when it set up a furious barking at the minister. The tipsy man, with the utmost gravity, arose and walked steadily down the aisle to where the dog was barking. Seizing the animal by the neck, he held him up before the congregation for a moment, and then, shaking him furiously, he broke out with: "Tree a preacher, will you, you ill-bred pup." This was too much for Mr. Hamilton. He could not restrain his laughter and he took his seat, not being able to dismiss his congregation.

That is a droll story about a fellow on board an ocean steamer, who sat off by himself and presented such a forlorn appearance that some ladies on deck thought they ought to inquire what was the matter. So one old lady approached and asked the lonely one why he was so disconsolate. "The fact is," said he, "I'm on my bridal tour, but I didn't have money enough to take my wife with me."

"Was Rome founded by Romeo?" inquired a pupil of the teacher. "No, my son," replied the wise man; "it was Juliet who was found dead by Romeo."—*Ex.*

ODDS AND ENDS.

If Jay Gould drank whisky we presume he would water it.

A sociable man is one who, when he has ten minutes to spare, goes and bothers one who hasn't any time to spare.

A minister, having some of his old sermons, was asked what he had in his package. "Dried tongue," was the reply.

She was plump and beautiful, and he was wildly fond of her; she hated him, but, woman-like, she strove to catch him. He was a fly.

"Annabel" asks, "Do men kneel when making love?" No, but they generally come down to that before they have been married very long.

"What is there in a mince pie?" asks a household journal. We should like to answer that question, but have not time to get out a supplement.

A Michigan paper speaks of an offender as "Goodrich, the Albion Sunday-schoolist." We have often thought this particular species of crime needed a name.

A celebrated manufacturer of mustard said that he made his money, not out of the mustard eaten, but out of the mustard left on the plate.

Pompous physician (to patient's wife)—Why did you delay sending for me until he was out of his mind? Wife—O, doctor, while he was in his right mind he wouldn't let me send for you.

It is easy to tell how a man lives by how he acts. For instance, the South Carolina judge who decided it was not a crime to steal watermelons from the soil does not keep house. He boards.

Diner—"What in thunder do you call this vile compound, waiter?"

Waiter—"An 'entry,' sir."

Diner (rising with disgust)—"Umph! Where's the exit?"—*Tid-Bits.*

"When I marry," said a budding school-girl, "I'll want a tall, fine-looking man." "There's where you're wrong, sis," said the more practical sister. "You'll have less trouble watching an ugly man, and enjoy more of his company."

A few months ago a famous Prussian general was inspecting some military stables. "What do you see there?" he said, in tones of thunder, to a sergeant. "Cobwebs!" "Yes, sir," was the respectful reply. "We keep them there to catch the flies, and prevent their teasing the horses."

"My little boy," said a gentleman, "you ought not to eat those green apples. They are not good for little boys." "They hain't, eh?" the boy replied, with his mouth full. "Guess you don't know much about 'em, mister. Three of these apples 'll keep me out of school for a week."

A Frenchman who had purchased a country seat was complaining of the want of birds in his garden. "Set some traps," replied an old officer, "and they'll come. I was once in Africa, and there wasn't supposed to be a woman within 200 miles. I hung a pair of earrings and a bracelet upon a tree, and the next morning I found two women under the branches."

Police Justice—"You were drunk last night?"

Prisoner—"Yes, your Honor, but it's the first time. I'm a hard-working man, sir, and—"

"What do you work at?"

"I'm a brick-layer, sir."

"Show me your hands?"

The prisoner showed a pair of horny hands.

"All right—you may go. Show up the next prisoner. Ah, sir, are you a hard-working man, too?"

"Yes, your Honor, and I'm the President of the Laboring Man's Agitation Association."

"So? Show me your tongue."—*Chicago News.*

LONGEVITY OF ANTS.—It has been generally supposed that ants survive but a single season, and one interesting result of Sir John Lubbock's study of the creatures is the finding of unexpected longevity among them. Sir John has kept workers of *Lasius niger* and *Formica fusca* for seven years, while two queens of the latter species must now be nearly twelve years old, and he hopes to keep them in good health for a considerable time longer.

Water-pipes of paper have been satisfactorily tested by Dr. D. Lewis, a pipe 1,000 feet long and two inches in diameter, having been used for several years without leaking or imparting taste to the water. Wound into pipe form and soaked in tar, the paper becomes nearly as hard and strong as iron.

An attempt is being made to increase the number of plants grown in Iceland. Barley, whose cultivation there was long ago abandoned, has been reintroduced, and at Reikjavik a botanic garden has been established, in which the seeds of 382 kinds of plants from near Christiana have been planted.

It is as hard to satirize well a man of distinguished vices as to praise well a man of distinguished virtues.—*Swift.*

ROCKING THE BABY.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Her room is next to mine—
And I fancy I feel the dimpled arms
That around her neck entwined,
As she rocks and rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.
I hear her rocking the baby
Each day when the twilight comes,
And I know there's a world of blessing and love
In the "baby-bye" she hums.
I can see the restless fingers
Playing with "Mamma's rings,"
The sweet, little, smiling, pouting mouth
That to hers in kissing clings,
As she rocks and sings to the baby,
And dreams as she rocks and sings.

I hear her rocking the baby—
Slower and slower now—
And I hear her leaving her good-night kiss
On its eyes and cheeks and brow.
From her rocking, constant rocking,
I wonder would she start,
Could she know, through the wall between us,
She is rocking on a heart?
While my empty arms are aching
For a form they may not press,
And my empty heart is breaking
In its desolate loneliness.
I list to the ceaseless rocking
In the room just next to mine,
And breathe a prayer in silence
At a mother's broken shrine,
For the woman who rocks the baby
In the room just next to mine.

—Madge Morris.

Medicine as Practiced by Animals.

M. G. Delannoy, in a recent communication to the Biological Society, of Paris, observed that medicine, as practiced by animals, is thoroughly empirical, but that the same may be said of that practiced by inferior human races, or, in other words, by the majority of the human species. Animals instinctively choose such food as is best suited to them. M. Delannoy maintains that the human race also shows this instinct, and blames medical men for not paying sufficient respect to the likes and dislikes of the patients, which he believes to be a guide that may be depended on. A large number of animals wash themselves and bathe, as elephants, stags, birds, and ants. As a general rule, there is not any species of animal which voluntarily runs the risk of inhaling emanations arising from their own excrement. Some animals defecate far from their habitations; others bury their excrement; others carry to a distance the excrement of their young. In this respect they show more foresight than man, who retains for years excrement in stationary cess-pools, thus originating epidemics. If we turn our attention to the question of reproduction, we shall see that all mammals suckle their young, keep them clean, wean them at the proper time, and educate them; but these material instincts are frequently rudimentary in women of civilized nations. In fact, man may take a lesson in hygiene from the lower animals. Animals get rid of their parasites by using dust, mud, clay, etc. Those suffering from fever restrict their diet, keep quiet, seek darkness and airy places, drink water, and sometimes even plunge into it. When a dog has lost his appetite it eats that species of grass known as dog's grass, which acts as an emetic and purgative. Cats also eat grass. Sheep and cows when ill seek out certain herbs. When dogs are constipated they eat fatty substances, such as oil and butter, with avidity, until they are purged. The same thing is observed in horses. An animal suffering from chronic rheumatism always keeps, as far as possible, in the sun. The warrior ants have regularly organized ambulances. Latrielle cut the antennae of an ant, and other ants came and covered the wounded part with a transparent fluid secreted from their mouths. If a chimpanzee be wounded it stops the bleeding by placing its hand on the wound, or dressing it with leaves and grass. When an animal has a wounded leg or arm hanging on, it completes the amputation by means of its teeth. A dog, on being stung in the muzzle by a viper, was observed to plunge its head repeatedly for several days into running water. This animal eventually recovered. A sporting dog was run over by a carriage. During three weeks, in winter, it remained lying in a brook, where its food was taken to it; the animal recovered. A terrier dog hurt its right eye; it remained lying under a counter, avoiding light and heat, although habitually he kept close to the fire. It adopted a general treatment, rest and abstinence from food. The local treatment consisted in licking the upper surface of the paw, to which he applied the wounded eye, again licking the paw when it became dry. Cats, also, when hurt treat themselves by this simple method of continuous irrigation. M. Delannoy cites the case of a cat which remained for some time lying on the bank of a river; also that of another cat which had the singular fortitude to remain for forty-eight hours under a jet of cold water. Animals suffering from traumatic fever treat themselves by the continued application of cold. In view of these interesting facts, we are forced to admit that hygiene and therapeutics, as practiced by animals, may, in the interest of psychology, be studied with advantage. The author could go even further, and say that veterinary medicine, and perhaps human medicine, could gather from them some useful indications, precisely because they are prompted by instinct, which are efficacious in the preservation or the restoration of health.—*British Medical Journal*.

Prof. Church has completed a new work entitled "Two Thousand Years Ago; or The Adventures of a Roman Boy," in which he aims to produce a picture of the last days of the Roman republic.

The London *Spectator* names as one of Tennyson's claims to immortality the fact that he has written "the most polished English verse since the spirit of Comos fled 'higher than the starry chime,' and purest since our Bible was translated."

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